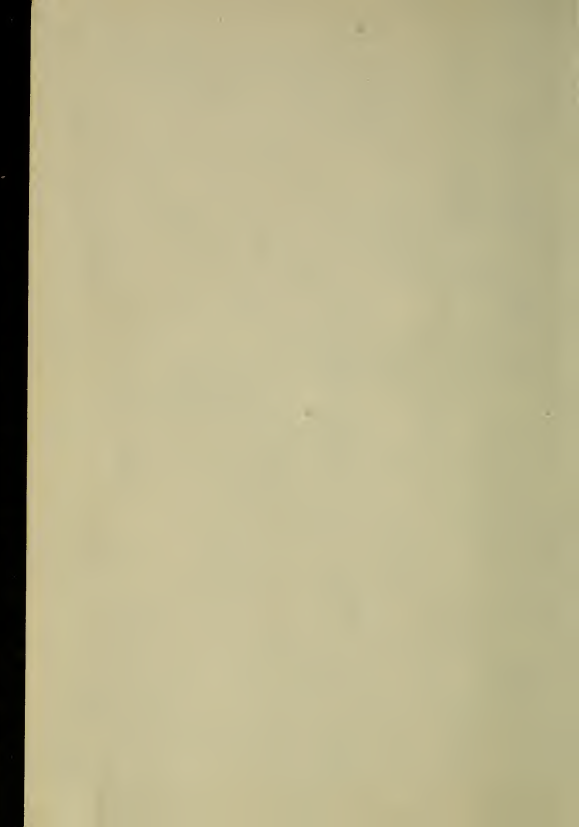








BYRON'S

SHORTER POEMS

SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH NOTES AND AN
INTRODUCTION

BY

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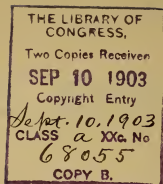
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TO

N. C. B.

My Best Friend

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED

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INTRODUCTION

I. BYRON'S LIFE

BYRON is perhaps the most picturesque figure in English literature. His unusual personal beauty, his high rank, his unhappy marriage, his extensive travels, his extraordinary adventures, and, above all, his untimely death in the cause of Greek independence have surrounded him with an atmosphere of romance. Moreover the personal note of his poetry, and the melancholy tone which pervades it, have roused the sympathies of generations of readers and invested him with peculiar interest.

Few poets have sprung from so illustrious a race. The Byrons, or Buruns, were Normans of wealth and power. The name of Ralph de Burun appears in Doomsday Book as a tenant of importance under William the Conqueror. For several centuries the family seems to have maintained its eminence. At the siege of Calais, at the battles of Cressy, Bosworth Field, Edgehill and Marston Moor, the Byrons fought with distinction. On his mother's side also his ancestry was equally distinguished: Mrs. Byron traced her descent back to James I.

But though the earlier generations of the poet's family had been illustrious, his immediate ancestors showed signs of degeneracy. His great-uncle killed under discreditable circumstances a relative and neighbor, separated from his wife, and lived until his death, in savage seclusion on the neglected family estate of Newstead. His father, Captain Byron, was a worthless gambler and rake. He eloped with the wife of Lord Carmarthen, and after her divorce married her. When a few years

later she died, this adventurer married, avowedly for her large fortune, Miss Catherine Gordon, who became the mother of the poet.

George Gordon Byron was born in London, on January 22, 1788. Soon after the birth of the child, Mrs. Byron went to Aberdeen, where she was presently joined by her husband. Captain Byron and his wife did not find each other congenial, however, and soon separated. Nevertheless their relations continued to be friendly. Mrs. Byron allowed her husband to waste her large fortune, and when in 1791 the news of his death reached her, she was distracted with grief.

The childhood of Byron was sad. He had been born with a misshapen foot, which was for several years the source of severe pain, and throughout his life the cause of great mortification. His mother was a weak woman, and treated the boy at one moment with indulgent tenderness, at the next, with unfeeling cruelty. He himself tells us how in a fit of anger she once outraged his feelings by calling him "a lame brat." Such a mother could have little hold on the respect or love of her son.

Young Byron was passionate. On one occasion, being reprimanded for having soiled or torn a new frock, "he got into one of his 'silent rages' (as he himself has described them), seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance."¹ In spite of this high temper, the boy was affectionate and tractable under wise guidance.

When five years old, Byron was sent to a private school in Aberdeen. Here he seems to have learned little, however, and at the end of a year he was put in charge of a clergyman. Of this tutor he says: "Under him I made astonishing progress; and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured painstaking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was

¹ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

history, and why I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus in the Roman History, put into my hands the first. Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor."

Later he entered the grammar school of Aberdeen, where he remained till he was called to England at the death of his granduncle. Here he seems to have distinguished himself more in sports than in studies. By the death of his granduncle in 1798, Byron succeeded to the title and the family estates. He was so agitated by the acquisition of his strange dignities, that when his name was called at school with its new prefix "dominus" he was unable to answer, and after remaining for some time speechless burst into tears.

The boy's way of living was now utterly changed. His former life of frugal simplicity was irrevocably left behind, and he became the representative of an old and noble house. In the autumn of the same year, accompanied by his mother, he left Aberdeen for Newstead. We are told that when they reached the toll-bar at Newstead "Mrs. Byron, affecting to be ignorant of the place, asked the woman of the toll-house to whom that seat belonged? She was told that the owner of it, Lord Byron, had been some months dead. 'And who is the next heir?' asked the proud and happy mother. 'They say,' answered the woman, 'it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen.'—'And this is he, bless him!' exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to contain herself, and turning to kiss with delight the young lord who was seated on her lap."¹

On their arrival in their new home, Mrs. Byron placed her son under the care of a quack, in the hope that the boy's misshapen leg might be straightened. He seems to have had little

¹ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

respect for his doctor, and amused himself by exposing the man's ignorance. On one occasion he scribbled on a piece of paper the letters of the alphabet, arranged in the form of meaningless words and sentences, and then asked the doctor what language they represented. When the pretentious quack, unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, answered, "Italian," young Byron shouted with laughter.

About this time Byron began to show a disposition to write verse. Of a visitor of his mother's whom he disliked very much he wrote :—

" In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green,
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon."

In 1799 Mrs. Byron moved to London, and placed her son under the instruction of a tutor who prepared the boy for Harrow. Byron entered the school in 1801. Dr. Busby, who was then head-master, says of him : "I took my young disciple into my study, and endeavored to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect; and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye."¹

Though at Harrow Byron at first felt ill at ease, he later became a leader among his comrades. He was especially fond of outdoor exercise. Of his sports he thus speaks in an early poem :—

" Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one :
Together we impelled the flying ball,
Together waited in our tutor's hall,

¹ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

Together joined in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil ;
Or, plunging from the green, declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant waters bore ;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name."¹

Later in life Byron speaks with evident pride of having represented Harrow in a cricket match with Eton.

To his studies he seems to have been indifferent. He had a contempt for the methods of instruction, and a strong dislike for the head-master, Dr. Butler, who soon after Byron's entrance into the school succeeded Dr. Busby. He formed many lasting friendships, however, read voraciously, declaimed well, and wrote excellent schoolboy verse. While here he had his first serious love affair, and though Miss Chaworth, the object of his affections, soon married, Byron always thought of her with tenderness.

In 1805 Byron entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Of his entrance he himself wrote :—

“When I first went up to college it was a new and heavy-hearted scene for me : firstly, I so much disliked leaving Harrow, that though it was time (I being seventeen), it broke my very rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained. I always *hated* Harrow till the last year and a half, but then I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford, and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world, that it half broke my spirits. My companions were not unsocial, but the contrary—lively, hospitable, of rank and fortune, and gay beyond my gaiety. I mingled with, and dined, and supped, etc., with them ; but, I know not how, it was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life to feel that I was no longer a boy.”

The homesick lad soon made friends, however, and became

¹ *Childish Recollections.*

very popular among a select few. He seems not to have devoted himself to his studies any more seriously than at Harrow, but to have spent a good part of his time in riding, swimming, boxing, shooting with pistols at a target, and playing cricket. He also took part in private theatricals. He mingled little in general society, partly because of a natural shyness, and partly because his limited means prevented him from living as he felt his rank warranted.

He now began to write verses more frequently. After a modest collection of poems privately printed and circulated among his friends, he was encouraged by favorable criticism to publish a volume for the public. Accordingly, in March, 1807, appeared the *Hours of Idleness*. The savage reception given these poems by the *Edinburgh Review* wounded the young poet keenly. Burning with wrath and injured pride, he wrote and published early in 1809 his famous satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The effect of this poem was instantaneous. The power of the writer was apparent to the critics and to the general public. No such scathing satire had been published since Pope's *Dunciad*. The first edition was quickly exhausted, and a second prepared, to which the poet made considerable additions.

A few days before his satire appeared, Byron, who had just come of age, took his seat in the House of Lords. Through the indifferent neglect of his guardian, Lord Carlisle, he had been compelled to arrange without assistance the preliminaries necessary to his entrance into the House, and on the day of his admission he appeared before the Lords unattended. He felt his unfriended position keenly, and was especially bitter towards Lord Carlisle whom he attacked savagely in his satire. Without waiting to take any part in the business of Parliament, he retired to Newstead, and devoted the next few months to preparing for the press a second edition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and to making arrangements for an extended tour abroad.

On June 11, 1809, accompanied by his friend Hobhouse and several servants, he set sail for Lisbon. From Lisbon he went by land to Seville and Cadiz, and thence by sea to Gibraltar. After a short stay there, he went to Malta and thence to Albania, where he spent several months in riding through country of wild beauty, almost unknown to travellers. Through letters which he brought to Ali Pacha, the Turkish governor of Albania, he was everywhere hospitably entertained. He has left us a record of these travels in *Childe Harold*, which he began at Janina, October 31. After many stirring adventures, including a narrow escape from shipwreck, he arrived at Missolonghi, where fifteen years later he was to die. After visiting Patras, Delphi and Thebes, he reached Athens. Here he spent the winter, and in the early spring set out for Smyrna. During the month he remained there, he completed the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, and made excursions into the neighboring country. From Smyrna he went to Constantinople, visiting on the way the Troad, and swimming the Dardanelles from Sestos to Abydos, while the ship lay at anchor in the straits. This feat, rendered dangerous by the swift current, and the length of time necessary for the swimmer to remain in the water, Byron felt very proud of, and commemorated by a brief poem. After remaining two months in Constantinople, and accompanying the British ambassador to an audience with the Sultan, he set out for Athens, which he reached in July, 1810. He remained there until the following spring, making occasional excursions to various parts of Greece. There he wrote *Hints from Horace* and *The Curse of Minerva*. From Athens he went to Malta, and thence to England, where he arrived in July, 1811, after an absence of two years.

While the poet was in London, making arrangements for the publication of the *Hints from Horace* and *Childe Harold*, he received the news of his mother's sudden death. Though he seems to have had little affection for her, he had always treated

her with respect, and felt her loss keenly. Almost immediately after this bereavement, came the news of the drowning of one of his most intimate friends. How he felt may be seen from a letter which he wrote at this time:—

“Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do?”

In another letter written a few months later, he mentions six friends or relatives who had died between May and September of the same year. It is little wonder that the poet should have felt pursued by fate.

With a curious inability to estimate the value of his own work, Byron rated the *Hints from Horace*, a poem now almost forgotten, more highly than *Childe Harold*. In fact but for the insistence of a relative, Mr. Dallas, *Childe Harold* might not have been published. The poem appeared about the first of March, 1812, and met with the most favorable reception. The critic Gifford pronounced it “the equal of any poem of the age.” The spirit of freedom which it breathed, the revolt from outworn conventions which it typified, roused the enthusiasm of thousands of hearts whom the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars had set tingling with new hopes for the future. The romantic career of the young poet, the hostile reception of his first verses, his withering satire on his critics, his loneliness, his travels, his stirring adventures, and his personal charm,—all served to make him the cynosure of all eyes. He said of himself, “I awoke to find myself famous.”

Byron now became the idol of London society. Everywhere he was sought after. From unfriended loneliness he was plunged into the swing of the most brilliant assemblages. He made the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of the time. He met Moore, Rogers, Campbell, and Scott, and dozens of other poets, essayists, statesmen and men of science. He was praised, flattered, and patronized. His works followed one another in rapid succession. *The Giaour* appeared in May, and passed

through five editions before the end of the year. It was soon followed by *The Bride of Abydos*, and *The Corsair*, of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day.

The novelty of fashionable life soon wore off, however, and Byron began to live more quietly. He seems to have become utterly disgusted with the shallowness, vice, and hypocrisy of London society, and spent more and more of his time at home, or in the company of a few congenial friends. He tells us in his journal that he spent the morning in boxing or fencing, the afternoon in calling or receiving visitors, and the evening at the theatre or over his books.

In September, 1814, Byron became engaged to Miss Milbanke, a wealthy and accomplished heiress. They were married in the following January. After a brief residence in the country, Byron moved to London with his bride. The state of his finances was such that he was now persecuted by his creditors, and was soon compelled to sell his library to obtain some slight relief. In December a daughter was born to him. About the middle of the following January, 1816, Lady Byron, taking her infant, left London, ostensibly to make a short visit to her parents. She parted from her husband with kindness, and wrote him a playful note on the road. Immediately on her arrival at her father's house, her father wrote to Byron, announcing that she would never return. The poet was stunned. Though his relations with his wife, during the year which they were together, had not been entirely without friction, nothing had occurred which enabled him to account for his wife's conduct. At this time, in writing to a friend, he said: "In the meantime, I am at war 'with all the world and *his* wife'; or rather, 'all the world and *my* wife' are at war with me, and have not yet crushed me,—whatever they *may* do. I don't know that in the course of a hair-breadth existence I was ever, at home or abroad, in a situation so completely uprooting of present pleasure, or rational hope for the future, as this same." Though Byron attempted to obtain from his wife her reasons for con-

duct which was to him inexplicable, he was never able to do so. His communications were ignored.

The news of Lady Byron's abandonment of her husband spread rapidly. The mischievous, envious, and malicious immediately circulated the most scandalous tales, and soon blackened the poet's reputation beyond recognition. His popularity had been somewhat injured before his marriage, by the publication of some verses on the Princess Charlotte. The irregularities of his private life, though no worse than those of most fashionable men of the period, and some criticisms of his on the orthodox religious views of the time, were now cited as evidence of his depravity. The proud, sensitive poet was deeply hurt, and hastily arranging his affairs, he left England, April 25, 1816, never to return.

Landing at Ostend, Byron drove to Brussels and visited the neighboring battle-field of Waterloo. Thence he journeyed to the Rhine, and up the river to Geneva, where he arrived in June. Taking near the town a villa called *Diodati*, he remained until October. While there he saw something of Madame de Staël, — whom he had previously met in London, — the philosopher Schlegel, and Shelley, who was staying in Geneva. With Shelley he made many excursions in the neighboring mountains and on the lake, and on one occasion narrowly escaped being wrecked in a squall. He took great pleasure in visiting, about the lake, places of historic and literary interest. A visit to the ancient castle of Chillon led to the writing of *The Prisoner of Chillon*. There also he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and began *Manfred*. All his work written at this time shows the effect of his recent misfortunes. In *Manfred*, especially, appear a force of thought, a vigor of expression, a power of imagination that are new to his work. The wild magnificence of the Alps seems to have inspired him with a fierce delight, and to have stimulated his creative faculty. Leaving Geneva in the autumn, he went to Milan and thence to Verona, where he visited the so-called tomb of Juliet. From

Verona he went to Venice, where he arrived about the middle of November.

The next two years were the least creditable part of Byron's life. Feeling himself to have been practically banished from England as a moral leper, filled with hatred of what he considered to be the hypocrisy of English society, he was in a mood to throw aside all that his countrymen called respectability, and in a spirit of bravado to indulge in excesses that should outrage English prudery. In this rebellious condition of mind, he unfortunately found himself in a society where morality, as understood by the English, did not exist. The effect on a man of Byron's passionate temperament was what we should naturally expect. He threw himself into the wildest dissipation. His excesses became notorious even in Venice. At this time he wrote :—

“I have hardly had a wink of sleep this week past. We are in the agonies of the Carnival's last days, and I must be up all night again, as well as to-morrow. I have had some curious masking adventures this Carnival; but, as they are not yet over, I shall not say on. I will work the mine of my youth to the last veins of the ore, and then—good night. I have lived, and am content.”

Under the strain Byron's health began to fail. A fever attacked him; his digestion gave out; his hair turned gray. His splendid constitution seemed to be on the point of breaking down. His letters at this time show plainly the change that had taken place in the man. Their former easy amiability gives way to hardness and irritability. He speaks sharply to his friends, and finds fault with his publisher. For his early writings he had refused to accept any money. Now his wild extravagance leads him to drive hard bargains. But with all his dissipation he was not idle. In a letter he says: “By way of divertisement, I am studying daily, at an Armenian monastery, the Armenian language. I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon; and this—as the most diffi-

cult thing I could discover here for amusement — I have chosen, to torture me into attention.”

Though burning his life away feverishly, Byron did not stop writing poetry ; but, with the same astonishing readiness that he had shown in London, he turned out, in quick succession, the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, *Beppo*, the first four cantos of *Don Juan*, and some shorter poems. In *Beppo* and *Don Juan* the poet wrote in a new manner, combining savage satire with good-natured ridicule, now descending to buffoonery, now rising to exquisite poetry. The rapidity with which he changed from seriousness to gayety, from lofty sentiment to indecency, is bewildering and exasperating. The reader is constantly in doubt as to whether the poet is in earnest or is laughing at him.

Fortunately for Byron and the world in general, an event now occurred that altered the whole course of the poet's life. In April, 1819, he met the Countess Guiccioli, the eighteen-year-old bride of a wealthy old nobleman, to whom she had been married by her ambitious family. Byron fell in love with her at first sight. She returned his affection, and during the remainder of his life they lived on terms of the most tender intimacy. The love of this young girl, fresh from the seclusion of a convent, seems to have renewed in some measure his faith in the world, and to have roused his own self-respect. He abandoned his former loose habits and began to live more normally. Soon after meeting Byron, the countess returned home to Ravenna with her husband. A severe illness of the lady soon led to the poet's going to that city, where, except for a few months spent in Venice, he continued to live for the next two years. In July, 1820, the countess was formally separated from her husband, and withdrew to a villa a few miles from Ravenna, where she lived quietly with her father, Count Gamba.

While living in Ravenna Byron became greatly interested in Italian politics. He gave considerable assistance to the Liberals, who were planning an uprising against the Papal government, concealed arms and ammunition in his house, and aided

and abetted the insurrectionists in every way he could. The failure of the revolutionists led to the banishment of Count Gamba and his son, who were known to be in active sympathy with the movement. They left Ravenna, together with the Countess Guiccioli, in July, 1821, and went to Florence, and later to Pisa, whither they were followed a few months afterward by Byron.

During his stay in Ravenna the poet wrote industriously. Besides translations from Dante and Pulci, and some minor poems, he wrote five dramas: *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Cain* and *Heaven and Earth*, — the first three within one year.

Byron arrived in Pisa about the first of November, 1821. The following spring Leigh Hunt came from England with his family, and began to publish a magazine called *The Liberal*. The idea of starting such a periodical, in which he could print his own works as he wrote them, had occurred to Byron several years before. Later he seems to have abandoned the idea, for he expressly tells us that he allowed himself to be drawn into the scheme by Shelley, who was a friend of Hunt and wished to assist him. Byron lent money to Hunt and contributed to the magazine, but the tragic death of Shelley, in July, 1822, hastened the failure of the plan. With characteristic kindness, Byron supported Hunt and his large family for some time, and then assisted them to return to England.

While living in Pisa the poet paid a brief visit to Leghorn, and was there entertained on board an American squadron then lying in port. He was greatly pleased with his reception, and in letters to his friends spoke warmly of the Americans. This visit led to his sitting for his portrait to the artist West. In Pisa Byron completed *Werner*, a drama begun in England some years before, wrote *The Deformed Transformed*, and six additional cantos of *Don Juan*. In September the Gambas were banished from Tuscany, and Byron moved with them to Genoa.

The failure of the revolutionists in Italy was a severe disap-

pointment to Byron. He had been deeply interested in the cause of freedom in Italy, not only on account of his friendship with some of the leaders of the movement, but because of his constitutional hatred of tyranny. "I have simplified my politics," he wrote from Italy, "into an utter detestation of all existing governments ;" and again : "Give me a republic. The king-times are fast finishing ; there will be blood shed like water and tears like mist, but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it."

After leaving Ravenna he seemed to become more and more uneasy, and to long for action. The impression that his literary popularity was waning doubtless contributed somewhat to this longing. At one time the struggles of the South American republics interested him, and he had some thoughts of going to assist them in their efforts against Spain ; but the result of his inquiries discouraged him from the idea. In April, 1823, Byron was called on by a representative of a committee formed in London to assist the Greeks to win their independence. He immediately became interested in the revolution, and soon decided to throw himself heart and soul into the cause. He went about his preparations with much practical good sense. After making careful inquiries as to the most immediate needs of the Greeks, he arranged his affairs and prepared for his departure. Chartering an English brig, he loaded it with arms and ammunition for himself and his party, medical supplies, and about twenty thousand dollars in specie. About the middle of July, 1823, accompanied by three companions and eight servants, he set sail from Genoa. He went first to Cephalonia, where he wished to ascertain as correctly as possible the exact situation of affairs. After a five months' stay there, he went to Missolonghi, narrowly escaping capture by the Turks on the way. At his destination he was met by the revolutionary leader, Prince Mavrocordatos, and amid cheers, music, and the firing of cannon, was conducted to the house that had been prepared for him.

The next three months were full of trial. With exaggerated notions of Byron's wealth, the Greeks made the most extravagant demands on him. With unselfish generosity he expended all his available resources in support of the Greek cause. At the same time he set about trying to organize the disorderly revolutionists. He had set his heart on taking Lepanto, which commanded the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth, and began to make energetic preparations for the attack. A Suliote brigade that he had relied on largely for this expedition became so unruly, however, that he was obliged to give up the plan. On February 15 he was seized with a convulsive fit which seriously weakened him. We are told that: "Soon after his dreadful paroxysm, when, faint with over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliotes, covered with dirt and splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliotes raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime."¹

The end was not far off. Early in April, exposure brought on a fever. Without proper care or medical attendance, he rapidly grew worse, and on April 19 he died. Three days later the funeral ceremony took place. An eyewitness thus described the event:—

"In the midst of his own brigade, of the troops of the government, and of the whole population, on the shoulders of the officers of his corps, relieved occasionally by other Greeks, the most precious portion of his honored remains were carried to the church where lie the bodies of Marcos Bozzaris and of General Normann. There we laid them down: the coffin was a rude, ill-constructed chest of wood; a black mantle served for a pall; and over it we placed a helmet and a sword, and a

¹ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

crown of laurel. But no funeral pomp could have left the impression, nor spoken the feelings, of this simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself; the wild and half-civilized warriors around us; their deep-felt, unaffected grief; the fond recollections; the disappointed hopes; the anxieties and presentiments which might be read on every countenance; —all contributed to form a scene more moving, more truly affecting, than perhaps was ever before witnessed round the grave of a great man.”¹

Shortly afterward the poet's body was taken to England. Refused a place in Westminster Abbey, the remains were taken to the little church of Hucknall, near Newstead, and placed in the family vault. Over them, on a tablet of white marble, is the following inscription:—

IN THE VAULT BENEATH

WHERE MANY OF HIS ANCESTORS AND HIS MOTHER ARE
BURIED

LIE THE REMAINS OF

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON

LORD BYRON, OF ROCHDALE,

IN THE COUNTY OF LANCASTER,

THE AUTHOR OF “CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.”

HE WAS BORN IN LONDON ON THE

22D OF JANUARY, 1788.

HE DIED AT MISSOLOGHI, IN WESTERN GREECE, ON THE
19TH OF APRIL, 1824,

ENGAGED IN THE GLORIOUS ATTEMPT TO RESTORE
THAT COUNTRY TO HER ANCIENT FREEDOM AND RENOWN.

HIS SISTER, THE HONORABLE

AUGUSTA MARIA LEIGH,

PLACED THIS TABLET TO HIS MEMORY.

¹ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

II. BYRON'S PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

BYRON'S life was from childhood full of storm and stress. "What a pretty boy Byron is! What a pity he has such a leg!" said a thoughtless nurse within his hearing. "Dinna speak of it!" cried the little fellow, angrily striking at her with his whip. This sensitiveness about his deformity followed him through life. During his last illness in Greece, the doctors wished to apply blisters to the soles of his feet. "When on the point of putting them on," says Dr. Millingen, "Lord Byron asked me whether it would not answer the purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing immediately the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him that I would place them above the knees. 'Do so' he replied."¹

He showed a similar sensitiveness to real or imagined slights. Just before his departure from England in 1809, a friend found him "bursting with indignation. 'Will you believe it?' said he, 'I have just met——, and asked him to come and sit an hour with me; he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out to-morrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return! Friendship! I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me.'"²

Harsh criticism hurt him keenly. Some one who saw Byron immediately after he had read the famous review of the *Hours*

¹ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

² *Ibid.*

of *Idleness*, found him so agitated that he thought the poet must have received a challenge. He never quite got over this sensitiveness, though he always stoutly denied it. Yet he generally underrated his own works, and gave many of his contemporaries undue praise. One of his literary estimates is especially amusing to us, after nearly a century has decided the place of the poets of Byron's time. In his journal he arranged a diagram to represent the rank of the poets then living. At the top he placed Scott; after him, Rogers; in a third line, Moore and Campbell; next, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge; after them, the general crowd.

But while not conceited, Byron was extremely vain. In youth he was threatened with stoutness, and for many years he dieted to reduce his flesh. For days he would go without any food except biscuits and soda water. He took a childish delight in the effect of his first speech in the House of Lords; and just before setting out for Greece he had three splendid helmets made and engraved with his crest, for the use of himself and the two friends who were to accompany him. Byron's vanity was innocent enough, however, and was a thousand times outweighed by his generosity. For *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* he would not take a penny. He gave the copyright of *Childe Harold* to a needy friend, who sold it for six hundred pounds. During his stay in Italy he gave to charity about one-fourth of his income, besides contributing thousands of pounds to the assistance of the Italian patriots. Later he gave all his ready money, and all that he could borrow without ruining his fortune, to the cause of Greece.

We have abundant testimony to Byron's personal charm. The American painter West thus wrote of him:—

“On the day appointed, I arrived at two o'clock, and began the picture. I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and asked a multitude of questions about America—how I liked Italy, what I thought of the Italians, etc. When he was silent, he was a better [worse?] sitter than before; for he

assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as though he were thinking of a frontispiece for *Childe Harold*. In about an hour our first sitting terminated, and I returned to Leghorn, scarcely able to persuade myself that this was the haughty misanthrope whose character had always appeared so enveloped in gloom and mystery ; for I do not remember to have met with manners more gentle and attractive. . . . Upon the whole, I left him with an impression that he possessed an excellent heart, which had been misconstrued on all hands from little else than a reckless levity of manners, which he took a whimsical pride in opposing to those of other people.”¹

Though never a good rider and nervous when in a carriage, Byron had undoubted courage. On one occasion he was nearly shipwrecked off the coast of Albania. The passengers and the crew were frantic with terror, and gave up the vessel for lost. Byron tried to comfort his companions ; and finally, wrapping himself in his cloak, he lay down on the deck, calmly to await the result. During the latter part of his stay in Ravenna he lived in constant danger of assassination ; but in spite of warnings he continued to take his usual daily rides in the forest, and to go about in public as before.

He was expert in the use of weapons, and was especially skilful with a pistol. In Ravenna and in Pisa he went regularly outside the city to practise pistol shooting at a target. His swimming abilities were remarkable. Besides making his famous passage of the Dardanelles, he once swam across the Tagus, — a feat more dangerous because it compelled him to remain longer in the water.

Like Scott, Byron was very fond of pets. He lamented the death of his favorite Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, in the following verses : —

“ . . . the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,

¹ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonor'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he had on earth."

Shelley tells us, in describing a visit to Byron in Ravenna, that the poet had "two monkeys, five cats, eight dogs, and ten horses, all of whom (except the horses) walk about the house like masters of it."

Byron was all his life a late riser. At Newstead, in his younger days, he rarely rose till past noon; and later, while in Italy, he generally rose at two, read or chatted with friends till six, rode till eight, dined and then sat up till four or five in the morning, reading or writing. When occasion required, however, he could change his mode of life. During his last days in Greece he rose early, ate the simplest food, and spent the time in incessant labor.

Byron wrote very rapidly. "*Lara*," he says, "I wrote while undressing after coming home from balls and masquerades, in the year of revelry, 1814. *The Bride* was written in four, *The Corsair* in ten, days." He was unable to recast anything once written, but he usually changed his poems by excision or addition, while they were passing through the press. *The Giaour* was in this way extended to more than three times its original length. Byron took no credit to himself for the rapidity with which he wrote, but rather looked on it as a sign of weakness. The fact is that he was not enough of an artist to enjoy working over a subject, after the emotion that had inspired it had cooled.

It is difficult to give a satisfactory estimate of Byron's character. He was so many-sided, his sensibilities were so keen, his passions so turbulent, his life was so full of apparent contradictions, that we are sometimes bewildered by the man's extraordinary personality. As Taine says, "All other souls, in comparison with his, seem inert." But when we take into consideration the peculiar circumstances which surrounded him

throughout life ; the lack of wholesome home influences in childhood, and wise friendly counsel in youth and manhood ; when we remember that he lived at a time when English society was corrupt, and cant and hypocrisy the fashion ; we feel inclined to forget his worst excesses, to pardon his bitterness, to pity his loneliness and his yearnings for sympathy, to admire and marvel at his genius, and to call him, with Macaulay, “ the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century. ”

III. BYRON'S PLACE IN POETRY

IN 1831 Macaulay said of Byron: "That his poetry will undergo a severe sifting, that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt, that, after the closest scrutiny, there will remain much that can only perish with the English language." Seventy years have done what the great critic expected. The Byron fad has passed away. The sentimental youths who wore their shirt collars open, tied their neckties after his fashion, and wrote gloomy verses in autograph albums have disappeared. The spell of the great man's personality no longer awes us, and his works remain to be judged according to whatever they contain of beauty or wisdom for us. As we read them we find much that our modern taste rejects. His shorter poems contain much repetition. There is a too frequent recurrence of personal complaint. We feel inclined to doubt the seriousness of the poet's woes, and to wonder if they are not in some measure due to unwholesome living. The narrative poems, taken as wholes, seem tiresome because they fail to appeal to our present-day sympathies. Giaours and Corsairs, love-smitten Turks, and revengeful renegades interest us but little. Yet these poems contain bits of beautiful description and rapid narrative. We do find, however, after careful and sympathetic reading, many of the short poems which interest and delight us. *Lachin y Gair* is as spirited and fresh as the mountains it sings of. *The Girl of Cadiz*, which Moore dismissed as "singsong," has lost nothing

of contagious gayety. *Fare Thee Well* stirs our pity to-day as it must have stirred that of thousands of readers of the poet's own time. *Darkness* excites our horror. *On this Day I complete my Thirty-Sixth Year* makes our blood tingle with its manliness. These poems and many others have for us an interest as real as if they had been written only yesterday.

If we look for perfect workmanship we shall be disappointed. Of all poets Byron is the most uneven. He has written nothing so uniformly rich in imagery as Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes* or the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*; nothing with such sustained music and ethereal grace as Shelley's *Cloud*; nothing with such exquisite perfection of finish as some of Tennyson's songs. For Byron was as an artist inferior to all of these poets. He had not the patience to polish or to prune. Yet at times Byron reached the high-water mark of lyric expression. When in *Manfred* he puts into the mouth of a spirit such lines as these —

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand ;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The Glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day ;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his caverned base —
And what with me wouldst *Thou* ?

we must acknowledge that he possessed a lyric power at times equal to Shelley's.

In the dramas we find expressed Byron's ripened genius.

There is a dignity of thought, a breadth of movement, an insight into the depths of the human soul, and a skill in characterization that we should perhaps hardly expect to find in a poet whose powers seem at first sight to be essentially lyric. The dramas were not written for the stage, and *Marino Faliero*, which was played in spite of Byron's protests, failed as an acting drama. Yet they possess many of the qualities of good acting plays, especially *Sardanapalus*, which has a good deal of lively movement, some excellent situations, and impressive dignity. Throughout, they reflect the character of a mature and really noble Byron, who has suffered much from his own weakness and from being misunderstood, and who has gained wisdom from experience. What the poet would have accomplished had he not died before his powers matured is perhaps idle to conjecture. But it seems easy to believe that his growing wisdom would have enabled him to use with increasing effectiveness his splendid abilities both in lyric and in dramatic poetry.

If in estimating Byron we cease to look for perfect poems and consider his work as a whole, we shall be more likely to do him justice. He has bequeathed to us a considerable body of poetry. Though much of it is commonplace, enough of it is still beautiful to us, enough of it still warm with the passion which inspired it, to make us thankful that he lived. We can hardly say that he had any message for the world. The world puzzled him, and he spent most of his life fighting it. There is abundant evidence, however, that he had begun to see more clearly into the mystery of life, and would sometime have been able to speak to his fellow-men more wisely. But whether he had a definite message or not, he stands for certain ideals. He was honest and sincere. He hated hypocrisy and shams. Even *Don Juan*, the poem for which he has been most abused, is chiefly a protest against the vice of so-called respectable society. He was the champion of liberty, of political and religious freedom. In *Childe Harold*, in *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and in *Marino Faliero* he denounced tyranny. In *Cain* and in

some of his short poems he denounced religious prejudice and superstition. The gospel that he preached was the gospel of enlightenment.

A little more than twenty years ago, Matthew Arnold predicted that, when the year 1900 came, Byron and Wordsworth would stand out as the two great poets of the closing century. Some present-day critics would perhaps place beside them Tennyson and Browning. In either case Byron's fame is equally undisputed. He belongs among the immortals.

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BYRON'S SHORTER POEMS

BYRON'S SHORTER POEMS

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY°

“Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court.” — OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way.

Of the mail-covered Barons, who proudly to battle 5
Led their vassals° from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurelled wreath; 10
Near Askalon's towers,° John of Horistan° slumbers,
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy°;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye; 15
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.

On Marston,° with Rupert,° 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty sealed. 20

Shades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant, departing
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu !
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation, 25
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret ;
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish ;
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown ; 30
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish ;
 When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your
 own ! 1803

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL°

WHERE are those honors, Ida° ! once your own,
 When Probus° filled your magisterial throne ?
 As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
 Hailed a barbarian° in her Cæsar's place,
 So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate, 5
 And seat Pomposus° where your Probus sate.
 Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
 Pomposus holds you in his harsh control ;
 Pomposus, by no social virtue swayed,
 With florid jargon, and with vain parade ; 10
 With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
 Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools,
 Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
 He governs, sanctioned but by self-applause.

With him, the same dire fate attending Rome, 15
 Ill-fated Ida ! soon must stamp your doom ;
 Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
 No trace of science left you, but the name.

JULY, 1805

FRAGMENT°

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH

HILLS of Annesley, bleak and barren,
 Where my thoughtless childhood strayed,
 How the northern tempests, warring,
 Howl above thy tufted shade !

Now no more, the hours beguiling, 5
 Former favorite haunts I see ;
 Now no more my Mary smiling
 Makes ye seem a heaven to me. 1805

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND
 SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL

Oh ! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos. — VIRGIL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
 Embitters the present, compared with the past ;
 Where science first dawned on the powers of reflection,
 And friendships° were formed, too romantic to last ;

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance 5
 Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied ;
 How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
 Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied !

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought° ;
The school where, loud warned by the bell, we resorted, 11
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone° I lay ;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wandered, 15
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga,° I trod on Alonzo° o'erthrown ;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop° himself was outshone : 20

Or, as Lear,° I poured forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived ;
Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick° revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you ! 25
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast ;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you :
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll ! 30
Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me, 35
“ Oh ! such were the days which my infancy knew.”

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS^o his ample front sublime uprears :
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom, 5
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome ;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskilled to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's^o axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside ; 10
Who, scarcely skilled an English line to pen,
Scans Attic^o metres with a critic's ken.
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward^o bade his conquering bands advance, 15
Or Henry^o trampled on the crest of France ;
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,^o
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta ;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus^o made,
While Blackstone's^o on the shelf neglected laid ; 20
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard^o remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honors, medals, fellowships, await ;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize, 25
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo ! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,

Th' ATHENIAN's^o glowing style, or Tully's^o fire. 30
 A manner clear or warm is useless, since
 We do not try by speaking to convince.
 Be other orators of pleasing proud :
 We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd :
 Our gravity prefers the muttering tone, 35
 A proper mixture of the squeak and groan :
 No borrowed grace of action must be seen,
 The slightest motion would displease the Dean^o ;
 Whilst every staring graduate would prate
 Against what he could never imitate. 40

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
 Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up ;
 Nor stop, but rattle over every word —
 No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
 Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest : 45
 Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best ;
 Who mutters most within the shortest space
 May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
 Linger in ease in Granta's^o sluggish shade ; 50
 Where on Cam's^o sedgy banks supine they lie,
 Unknown, unhonored live, unwept for die :
 Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fixed within their walls :
 In manners rude, in foolish forms precise, 55
 All modern arts affecting to despise,
 Yet prizing Bentley's,^o Brunck's,^o or Porson's^o note,
 More than the verse on which the critic wrote :
 Vain as their honors, heavy as their ale,
 Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale ; 60
 To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
 When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.

With eager haste they court the lord of power,
 Whether 'tis Pitt° or Petty° rules the hour ;
 To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head, 65
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next who filled his place.
 Such are the men who learning's treasures guard !
 Such is their practice, such is their reward ! 70
 This much, at least, we may presume to say —
 The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806

LACHIN Y GAIR°

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !
 In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
 Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love ;
 Yet, Caledonia,° beloved are thy mountains, 5
 Round their white summits though elements war ;
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered ;
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid° ; 10
 On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
 As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade ;
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
 For fancy was cheered by traditional story, 15
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?"
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale. 20

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car :
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers ;
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

“ Ill-starred,° though brave, did no visions foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ? ”

25

Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden,°

Victory crowned not your fall with applause :
 Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar° ;
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

30

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again :

Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,

35

Yet still are you dearer than Albion's° plain.

England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic

To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar :

Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic !

The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr !

40

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES

WHY should my anxious breast repine,

Because my youth is fled ?

Days of delight may still be mine ;

Affection is not dead.

In tracing back the years of youth,

5

One firm record, one lasting truth

Celestial consolation brings ;

Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,

Where first my heart responsive beat, —

“ Friendship is Love without his wings ! ”

10

Through few, but deeply chequered years,
 What moments have been mine !
 Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
 Now bright in rays divine ;
 Howe'er my future doom be cast, 15
 My soul, enraptured with the past,
 To one idea fondly clings ;
 Friendship ! that thought is all thine own,
 Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone —
 " Friendship is Love without his wings ! " 20

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
 Their branches on the gale,
 Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
 Which tells the common tale ;
 Round this unconscious schoolboys stray, 25
 Till the dull knell of childish play
 From yonder studious mansion rings ;
 But here whene'er my footsteps move,
 My silent tears too plainly prove
 " Friendship is Love without his wings ! " 30

Oh Love ! before thy glowing shrine
 My early vows were paid ;
 My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
 But these are now decayed ;
 For thine are pinions like the wind, 35
 No trace of thee remains behind,
 Except, alas ! thy jealous stings.
 Away, away ! delusive power,
 Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour ;
 Unless, indeed, without thy wings. 40

Seat of my youth° ! thy distant spire
 Recalls each scene of joy ;

My bosom glows with former fire, —

In mind again a boy.

Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,

Thy every path delights me still,

Each flower a double fragrance flings ;

Again, as once, in converse gay,

Each dear associate seems to say

“Friendship is Love without his wings !”

My Lycus^o ! wherefore dost thou weep ?

Thy falling tears restrain ;

Affection for a time may sleep,

But, oh, 'twill wake again.

Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,

Our long-wished interview, how sweet !

From this my hope of rapture springs ;

While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,

Absence, my friend, can only tell,

“Friendship is Love without his wings !”

In one, and one alone deceived,

Did I my error mourn ?

No — from oppressive bonds relieved,

I left the wretch to scorn.

I turned to those my childhood knew,

With feelings warm, with bosoms true,

Twined with my heart's according strings ;

And till those vital chords shall break,

For none but these my breast shall wake

Friendship, the power deprived of wings !

Ye few ! my soul, my life is yours,

My memory and my hope ;

Your worth a lasting love insures,

Unfettered in its scope ;

From smooth deceit and terror sprung, 75
 With aspect fair and honeyed tongue,
 Let Adulation wait on kings ;
 With joy elate, by snares beset,
 We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
 "Friendship is Love without his wings !" 80

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
 Who rolls the epic song ;
 Friendship and truth be my reward —
 To me no bays belong ;
 If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies, 85
 Me the enchantress ever flies,
 Whose heart and not whose fancy sings ;
 Simple and young, I dare not feign ;
 Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings !" 90

THE PRAYER OF NATURE°

FATHER of Light ! great God of Heaven !
 Hear'st Thou the accents of despair ?
 Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven ?
 Can vice atone for crimes by prayer ?

Father of Light, on Thee I call° ! 5
 Thou see'st my soul is dark within ;
 Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
 Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown ;
 Oh, point to me the path of truth ! 10
 Thy dread omnipotence I own ;
 Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign, 15
With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day ;
Earth, ocean, heaven, Thy boundless throne. 20

Shall man condemn his race to hell,
Unless they bend in pompous form?
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies, 25
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe? 30
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime —
Shall they by faith for guilt atone, 35
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father ! no prophet's laws I seek, —
Thy laws in Nature's works appear ; —
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for Thou wilt hear ! 40

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of æther's space ;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace : —

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here, 45
Who, when Thou wilt, canst take me hence,
Ah ! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me Thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to Thee I call !
Whatever weal or woe betide, 50
By Thy command I rise or fall,
In Thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust 's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall Thy glorious name adored 55
Inspire her feeble voice to sing !

But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs, I raise my prayer,
Though doomed no more to quit the dead. 60

To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all Thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to Thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

TO A LADY°

OH ! had my fate been joined with thine,
As once this pledge° appeared a token,

These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving :
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother ;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestowed by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him ;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah ! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any ;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas ! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid !
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee ;
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures ;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures —

If thou wert mine, had all been hushed : —
This cheek, now pale from early riot,

With passion's hectic ne'er had flushed,
But bloomed in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seemed to smile before thee ;
And once my breast abhorred deceit, — 35
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys :
To think would drive my soul to madness ;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness. 40

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavor, —
And fiends might pity what I feel, —
To know that thou art lost forever.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD°

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave ;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride 5
Accords not with the free-born soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune ! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound ! 10
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar ;

I ask but this — again to rove 15
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er designed for me :
Ah ! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be ? 20
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss :
Truth ! — wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this ?

I loved — but those I loved are gone ; 25
Had friends — my early friends are fled :
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead !
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill ; 30
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart — the heart — is lonely still.

How dull ! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes, 35
Associates of the festive hour.
Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boisterous joy is but a name. 40

And woman, lovely woman ! thou,
My hope, my comforter, my all !
How cold must be my bosom now,
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall !

Without a sigh would I resign 45
 This busy scene of splendid woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men —
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind ; 50
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind.
 Oh ! that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle^o to her nest !
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven, 55
 To flee away, and be at rest.^o

THE ADIEU

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD
 SOON DIE

ADIEU, thou Hill^o ! where early joy
 Spread roses o'er my brow ;
 Where Science seeks each loitering boy
 With knowledge to endow.
 Adieu, my youthful friends or foes, 5
 Partners of former bliss or woes ;
 No more through Ida's paths^o we stray ;
 Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
 Whose ever slumbering inmates dwell
 Unconscious of the day. 10

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
 Ye spires of Granta's vale,^o
 Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
 And Melancholy pale.

Ye comrades of the jovial hour, 15
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's^o verdant margin placed,
Adieu ! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced. 20

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years ;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth 25
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam ?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's^o dusky heath, and Dee's^o clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron^o home ? 30

Hall of my sires^o ! a long farewell —
Yet why to thee adieu ?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view :
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall, 35
And former glories of thy Hall
Forgets its wonted simple note —
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float. 40

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu ! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet^o ! along whose rippling surge, 45
My youthful limbs were wont to urge

At noontide heat their pliant course ;
Plunging with ardor from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force. 50

And shall I here forget the scene
Still nearest to my breast ?
Rocks rise and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest ;
Yet, Mary,° all thy beauties seem 55
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles displayed ;
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade. 60

And thou, my Friend° ! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words !
Still near my breast thy gift° I wear, 65
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem ;
Our souls were equal, and our lot°
In that dear moment quite forgot ;
Let Pride alone condemn ! 70

All, all is dark and cheerless now !
No smile of Love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid Life's pulses beat :
Not e'en the hope of future fame 75
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race, —

To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead. 80

Oh Fame ! thou goddess of my heart ;
On him who gains thy praise,
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
Consumed in Glory's blaze ;
But me she beckons from the earth, 85
My name obscure, unmarked my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream ;
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.° 90

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay,
The meed of pity will be shed 95
In dew drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies, and storms alone ;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown. 100

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven :
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown, 105
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne ;
To Him address thy trembling prayer :
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although His meanest care. 110

Father of Light ! to Thee I call,°

My soul is dark within :

Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,

Avert the death of sin.

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star, 115

Who calm'st the elemental war,

Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,

My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive ;

And, since I soon must cease to live,

Instruct me how to die. 120

1807

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE

THOU Power ! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,

Young offspring of fancy, 'tis time we should part ;

Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,

The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more, 5

Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing ;

The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,

Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,

Yet even these themes are departed forever ; 10

No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,

My visions are flown, to return, — alas ! never.

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,

How vain is the effort delight to prolong !

When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul, 15

What magic of fancy can lengthen my song ?

Can the lips sing of love in the desert alone,

Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign ?

Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown ?
 Ah, no ! for those hours can no longer be mine. 20

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love ?
 Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain !
 But how can my numbers in sympathy move,
 When I scarcely can hope to behold them again ?

Can I sing of the deeds which my fathers have done,° 25
 And raise my loud harp to the fame of my sires ?
 For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone !
 For heroes' exploits how unequal my fires !

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast —
 'Tis hush'd, and my feeble endeavors are o'er ; 30
 And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
 When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild, erring notes be forgot,
 Since early affection and love are o'er cast ;
 Oh ! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot, 35
 Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse ! since we now can ne'er meet ;
 If our songs have been languid, they surely are few ;
 Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet —
 The present — which seals our eternal Adieu. 40
 1807

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL°

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well ;

He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
 He could *carry* no more — so was *carried* at last ;
 For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one, 5
 He could not *carry* off, — so he 's now *carri-on*.

SEPTEMBER, 1807

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine, 5
 As thy soul shall immortally be ;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine
 When we know that thy God is with thee

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
 May its verdure like emeralds be ; 10
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest :
 But nor cypress^o nor yew^o let us see ; 15
 For why should we mourn for the blest ?

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,

Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow — 10
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame ;
I hear thy name spoken, 15
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me —
Why wert thou so dear ? 20
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well : —
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met — 25
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years, 30
How should I greet thee ? —
With silence and tears.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM
A SKULL°

START not, nor deem my spirit fled ;
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd like thee :
I died : let earth my bones resign ;
Fill up, thou canst not injure me ;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood ;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptile's food. 10

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine ;
And when, alas ! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine ? 15

Quaff while thou canst : another race,
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead. 20

Why not ? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce ;
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY°

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too ;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest — and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot :
But let them pass — Oh ! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not !

When late I saw thy favorite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break ;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it, — and repressed my sighs,
Its father in its face to see ;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu ! I must away :
While thou art blest I'll not repine ;
But near thee I can never stay ;
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride
Had quenched at length my boyish flame ;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, — save hope, — the same.

Yet was I calm : I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look ;

But now to tremble were a crime —
 We met, — and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there : 30
 One only feeling could'st thou trace ;
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream
 Remembrance never must awake :
 Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ? 35
 My foolish heart, be still, or break.

NOVEMBER 2, 1808

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEW- FOUNDLAND DOG°

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below ;
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen, 5
 Not what he was, but what he should have been :
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone, 10
 Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
 While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole, exclusive heaven.
 Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour, 15
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust !

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit ! 20
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on — it honors none you wish to mourn :
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ; 25
 I never knew but one, — and here he lies.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOVEMBER 30, 1808

TO A LADY,

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN
THE SPRING°

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
 A moment linger'd near the gate,
 Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
 And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes, 5
 He learnt to bear his load of grief ;
 Just gave a sigh to other times,
 And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady ! will it be with me,
 And I must view thy charms no more ; 10
 For while I linger near to thee,
 I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
 Escaping from temptation's snare ;
 I cannot view my paradise 15
 Without the wish of dwelling there.

DECEMBER 2, 1808

TO FLORENCE°

O LADY ! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth ;

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,° 5
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albion's craggy shore,°
Divided by the dark-blue main ; 10
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again :

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home, 15
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee :

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh ! forgive the word — to love. 20

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend ;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee, 25
Thou lovely wanderer, and be less ?

Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath°?

30

Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium° once arose,
And Stamboul's oriental halls°
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

35

Though mightiest in the lists of fame
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:

40

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wondrous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been.

SEPTEMBER, 1809

THE GIRL OF CADIZ

OH, never talk again to me
Of northern climes and English ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely Girl of Cadiz.

Although her eye be not of blue, 5
Nor fair her locks, like English lassies,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses !

Prometheus-like^o from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes 10
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes :
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel, 15
And curled to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession ;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession ; 20
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who, when fondly, fairly won,
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz ?

The Spanish maid is no coquette, 25
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold —
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely ; 30
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove 35
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She shares the deed and shares the danger ;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger. 40

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,^o
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand 45
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,^o
Or joins Devotion's choral band,
To chaunt the sweet and hallowed vesper ; —

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her ; 50
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder :
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home, 55
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM°

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus'° mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost, 5
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom — 10
How welcome were its shade! — ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.°

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim —
My way-worn countryman, who calls 15
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired — by foe or friend?
Another — 'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell. 20

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder-peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad. 25

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm. 30

While wandering through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence,° where art thou? 35

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone! 40

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,°
When last I pressed thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impelled thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main. 45

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped; 50

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
 If Cadiz^o yet be free,
 At times from out her latticed halls
 Look o'er the dark blue sea ;

55

Then think upon Calypso's isles,^o
 Endeared by days gone by ;
 To others give a thousand smiles,
 To me a single sigh.

60

And when the admiring circle mark
 The paleness of thy face,
 A half-formed tear, a transient spark
 Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
 Some coxcomb's raillery ;
 Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
 Who ever thinks on thee.

65

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
 When severed hearts repine,
 My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
 And mourns in search of thine.

70

OCTOBER, 1809

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART^o
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh, give me back my heart !
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest !

Hear my vow before I go,
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.^ο

5

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægean wind^ο;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

10

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers^ο that tell
 What words can never speak so well;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

15

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.
 Though I fly to Istambol,^ο
 Athens holds my heart and soul:
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

20

ATHENS, 1810

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR- SONG^ο

“ Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων ”

SONS of the Greeks, arise!
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS

Sons of Greeks ! let us go 5
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke, 10
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife !
 Hellénes° of past ages, 15
 Oh, start again to life !
 At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me !
 And the seven-hilled city° seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free. 20

CHORUS

Sons of Greeks ! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers 25
 Lethargic dost thou lie ?
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally !
 Leonidas° recalling,
 That chief of ancient song, 30

Who saved ye once from falling,
 The terrible ! the strong !
 Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ,^o
 And warring with the Persian 35
 To keep his country free ;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood. 40

CHORUS

Sons of Greeks ! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

1811

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,^o

“ Μπαλνω μέσ’ ’ς τὸ περιβόλι
 ‘Ωραιότατη Χαϊδὴ,”^o etc.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora^o reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee, 5
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung ;
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree, 10

Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandoned the bowers ;
Bring me hemlock — since mine is ungrateful, 15
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when poured from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl ;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul. 20
Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save :
Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances 25
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel ? 30
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well ?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haidée !
There Flora all withered reposes, 35
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

1811

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE !

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe !
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,

Or I must flee from hence — for, oh !
 I dare not trust those sounds again.
 To me they speak of brighter days —
 But lull the chords, for now, alas !
 I must not think, I may not gaze,
 On what I am — on what I was.

5

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
 Is hushed, and all their charms are fled ;
 And now their softest notes repeat
 A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead !
 Yes, Thyrza° ! yes, they breathe of thee,
 Beloved dust ! since dust thou art ;
 And all that once was harmony
 Is worse than discord to my heart !

10

15

'Tis silent all ! — but on my ear
 The well-remembered echoes thrill ;
 I hear a voice I would not hear,
 A voice that now might well be still :
 Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake ;
 Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

20

Sweet Thyrza ! waking as in sleep,
 Thou art but nōw a lovely dream ;
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turned from earth its tender beam.
 But he who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when heaven is veiled in wrath,
 Will long lament the vanished ray
 That scattered gladness o'er his path.

25

30

DECEMBER 6, 1811

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE

ONE struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain ;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,^o
 Then back to busy life again.

It suits me well to mingle now 5
 With things that never pleased before :
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more ?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring ;
 Man was not form'd to live alone : 10
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
 It was not thus in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here ; 15
 Thou'rt nothing — all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !
 The smile that Sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre. 20
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
 The heart, — the heart is lonely still !

On many a lone and lovely night 25
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky ;
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye :

And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,^o

When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
 "Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon" —
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave !

30

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 "'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 "That Thyrsa cannot know my pains."

35

Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,
 Relenting Nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live !

40

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new !
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze !
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue !
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent — ah, were mine as still !
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

45

Thou bitter pledge ! thou mournful token !
 Though painful, welcome to my breast !
 Still, still preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd.
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled :
 Oh ! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead ?

50

55

EUTHANASIA^o

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,

Oblivion ! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed !

No band of friends or heirs be there, 5
To weep, or wish, the coming blow :
No maiden, with dishevelled hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near ; 10
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power 15
In her who lives, and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche° ! to the last
Thy features still serene to see :
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee. 20

But vain the wish — for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath ;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour, 25
Without regret, without a groan ;
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

“Ay, but to die, and go,” alas !
Where all have gone, and all must go ! 30

To be the nothing that I was
 Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
 And know, whatever thou hast been,
 'Tis something better not to be.

35

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN°

If sometimes in the haunts of men
 Thine image from my breast may fade,
 The lonely hour presents again
 The semblance of thy gentle shade :
 And now that sad and silent hour
 Thus much of thee can still restore,
 And sorrow unobserved may pour
 The plaint she dare not speak before.

5

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
 I waste one thought I owe to thee,
 And, self-condemned, appear to smile,
 Unfaithful to thy memory !
 Nor deem that memory less dear,
 That then I seem not to repine ;
 I would not fools should overhear
 One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

10

15

If not the goblet passed unquaffed,
 It is not drained to banish care ;
 The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
 That brings a Lethe for despair.
 And could Oblivion set my soul
 From all her troubled visions free,

20

I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drowned a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanished from my mind, 25
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honor thine abandoned urn?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil; 30
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene, 35
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly love to merit thee. 40

MARCH 14, 1812

THE CHAIN I GAVE

FROM THE TURKISH

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell, 5
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well—
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
 But not to bear a stranger's touch ; 10
 That lute was sweet — till thou couldst think
 In other hands its notes were such.

Let him who from thy neck unbound
 The chain which shivered in his grasp,
 Who saw that lute refuse to sound, 15
 Restrung the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too ;
 The chain is broke, the music mute.
 'Tis past — to them and thee adieu —
 False heart, frail chain, and silent lute. 20

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATUR-
 DAY, OCT. 10, 1812°

IN one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
 Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride ;
 In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
 Apollo° sink, and Shakspeare° cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh ! sight admired and mourned, 5
 Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned !)
 Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
 Like Israel's pillar,° chase the night from heaven ;
 Saw the long column of revolving flames
 Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,° 10
 While thousands, thronged around the burning dome,
 Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home,
 As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
 The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,

Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall 15
 Usurped the Muse's realm,^o and marked her fall ;
 Say — shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
 Reared where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
 Know the same favor which the former knew,
 A shrine for Shakspeare — worthy him and *you* ? 20

Yes — it shall be — the magic of that name
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame ;
 On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
 And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been* :
 This fabric's birth attests the potent spell — 25
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How Well !*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
 Oh ! might we draw our omens from the past,
 Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
 Names such as hallow still the dome we lost. 30
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art^o
 O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart.
 On Drury, Garrick's^o latest laurels grew ;
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius^o drew,
 Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu : 35
 But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
 That only waste their odors o'er the tomb.
 Such Drury claimed and claims — nor you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse ;
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head,^o 40
 Nor hoard your honors idly for the dead !

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
 Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley^o ceased to write.
 Heirs to their labors, like all high-born heirs,
 Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs* ; 45

While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass^o
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
 And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
 Immortal names, emblazoned on our line,
 Pause — ere their feebler offspring you condemn, 50
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them !

Friends of the stage ! to whom both players and plays
 Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless power to cherish or reject ; 55
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame ;
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
 All past reproach may present scenes refute, 60
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute !
 Oh ! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause ;
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 And Reason's voice be echoed back by ours ! 65

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obeyed,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
 The curtain rises — may our stage unfold 70
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old !
 Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
 Still may *we* please — long, long may *you* preside !

TO TIME

TIME ! on whose arbitrary wing
 The varying hours must flag or fly,

Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die —

Hail thou ! who on my birth bestow'd 5
Those boons to all that know thee known ;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share 10
The bitter moments thou hast given ;
And pardon thee, since thou couldst spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain ;
I nothing owe but years to thee, 15
A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief ;
It felt, but still forgot thy power :
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour. 20

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow ;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe ;

For them, however drear and dark, 25
My soul was suited to thy sky ;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee — not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art 30
A blank, — a thing to count and curse,

Through each dull, tedious, trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform ;
The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed :

35

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon — a nameless stone.

40

SONNET TO GENEVRA°

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features — caught
From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems sorrow's softness charmed from its despair —
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought —
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colors blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent
The Magdalen° of Guido° saw the morn —
Such seem'st thou, but how much more excellent !
With nought Remorse can claim, nor Virtue scorn.

5

10

DECEMBER 17, 1813

SONNET TO GENEVRA

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if mirth could flush

Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow :
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes — but, oh ! 5
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
 For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness 10
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

DECEMBER 17, 1813

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee ;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me :
 When, as if its sound were causing 5
 The charm'd ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming :

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep ; 10
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's sleep :
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee,
 With a full but soft emotion, 15
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE°

I

'Tis done — but yesterday a king !
 And armed with kings to strive —
 And now thou art a nameless thing :
 So abject — yet alive !
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,
 Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
 And can he thus survive ?
 Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,°
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind 10
 Who bowed so low the knee ?
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestioned, — power to save, —
 Thine only gift hath been the grave 15
 To those that worshipped thee ;
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness !

III

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
 To after-warriors more 20
 Than high Philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preached before.

That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore 25
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,^o
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory, 30
To thee the breath of life ;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quelled ! — Dark Spirit ! what must be 35
The madness of thy memory !

V

The desolator desolate !
The victor overthrown !
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own ! 40
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope ?
Or dread of death alone ?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave ! 45

VI

He who of old would rend the oak,^o
Dreamed not of the rebound ;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how looked he round ?

Thou, in the sternness of thy strength, 50
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found :
 He fell, the forest prowlers' prey ;
 But thou must eat thy heart away !

VII

The Roman,^o when his burning heart 55
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home. —
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne, 60
 Yet left him such a doom !
 His only glory was that hour
 Of self-upheld abandoned power.

VIII

The Spaniard,^o when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell, 65
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell ;
 A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well : 70
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung —
 Too late thou leav'st the high command 75
 To which thy weakness clung ;

All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung ;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean ;

80

X

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own !
And monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
 And thanked him for a throne !
Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind !

85
90

XI

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain :
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night ?

95

XII

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay ;
Thy scales, Mortality ! are just
 To all that pass away :

100

But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate, 105
 To dazzle and dismay :
 Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

XIII

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride° ; 110
 How bears her breast the torturing hour?
 Still clings she to thy side?
 Must she too bend, must she too share
 Thy late repentance, long despair,
 Thou throneless Homicide ? 115
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem, —
 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem !

XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,°
 And gaze upon the sea ;
 That element may meet thy smile — 120
 It ne'er was ruled by thee !
 Or trace with thine all idle hand
 In loitering mood upon the sand
 That Earth is now as free !
 That Corinth's pedagogue° hath now 125
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

XV

Thou Timour° ! in his captive's cage
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage ?
 But one — "The world *was* mine !" 130

Unless, like he of Babylon,^o
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth —
So long obeyed — so little worth ! 135

XVI

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,^o
Wilt thou withstand the shock ?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock !
Foredoomed by God — by man accurst, 140
And that last act,^o though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock ;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died !

XVII

There was a day — there was an hour, 145
While earth was Gaul's — Gaul thine —
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name^o 150
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest, — 155
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.

Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star, the string, the crest?
 Vain froward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

160

XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
 The Cincinnatus^o of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,^o
 To make men blush there was but one!

165

170

HEBREW MELODIES^oSHE WALKS IN BEAUTY^o

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face ; 10
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow, 15
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent !

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men,^o the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given, —
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven ! 5
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own ;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne. 10

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God ;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod ;
Its sound aspired to heaven and there abode ! 15
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove. 20

IF THAT HIGH WORLD°

IF that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears ;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears —
How welcome those untrodden spheres !
How sweet this very hour to die !
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light — Eternity !

It must be so : 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink ;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh ! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

THE WILD GAZELLE

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills°
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground ;
Its airy step and glorious eye°
May glance in tameless transport by.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there,
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.

The cedars wave on Lebanon,^o
But Judah's statelier maids are gone !

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race ;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace :
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

15

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die ;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie :
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.^o

20

OH ! WEEP FOR THOSE

OH ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,^o
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;
Mourn — where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell !

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?
And when shall Zion's songs^o again seem sweet ?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

5

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest !
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,^o
Mankind their country — Israel but the grave !

10

ON JORDAN'S BANKS

ON Jordan's banks° the Arab's camels stray,
 On Zion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
 The Baal-adorer° bows on Sinai's steep° —
 Yet there — even there — O God ! Thy thunders sleep :

There — where Thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone ! 5
 There — where Thy shadow to Thy people shone !
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire :
 Thyself — none living see and not expire !

Oh ! in the lightning let Thy glance appear ;
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear ! 10
 How long by tyrants shall Thy land be trod ?
 How long Thy temple worshipless, O God ?

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER°

SINCE our country, our God — Oh, my sire !
 Demand that thy daughter expire ;
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow —
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now !

And the voice of my mourning is o'er, 5
 And the mountains behold me no more :
 If the hand that I love lay me low,
 There cannot be pain in the blow !

And of this, oh, my father ! be sure —
 That the blood of thy child is as pure 10
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
 And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
 Be the judge and the hero unbent !
 I have won the great battle for thee, 15
 And my father and country are free !

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
 When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
 Let my memory still be thy pride,
 And forget not I smiled as I died ! 20

OH ! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM°

OH ! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom. 5

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead ! 10

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
 Will this unteach us to complain ?
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
 And thou — who tell'st me to forget, 15
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK°

My soul is dark — Oh ! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear ;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again :
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first.
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst ;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long ;
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
And break at once — or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP

I saw thee weep — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue ;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.
I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine ;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye, 10
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart ;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind 15
 That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE

THY days are done, thy fame begun ;
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumphs of her chosen son,
 The slaughters of his sword !
 The deeds he did, the fields he won, 5
 The freedom he restored !

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
 Thou shalt not taste of death° !
 The generous blood that flowed from thee
 Disdained to sink beneath : 10
 Within our veins its currents be,
 Thy spirit on our breath.

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
 Shall be the battle-word !
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song 15
 From virgin voices poured !
 To weep would do thy glory wrong :
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

SAUL°

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the Prophet's form appear.

"Samuel,° raise thy buried head!

King,° behold the phantom seer!"

Earth yawned ; he stood the centre of a cloud : 5
 Sight changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye ;
 His hand was withered, and his veins were dry ;
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
 Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare ; 10
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
 Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

" Why is my sleep disquieted ?° 15
 Who is he that calls the dead ?
 Is it thou, O King ? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold :
 Such are mine ; and such shall be
 Thine to-morrow, when with me : 20
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.°
 Fare thee well, but for a day,
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low, 25
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow ;
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide :
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul ! " 30

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath° !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow, 5
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart° ! 10
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

“ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER”°

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me ;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me ;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes, 5
And felt my soul grow tender ;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendor.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover, 10
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.

There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
 Of pleasure unembitter'd ;
 And not a trapping deck'd my power 15
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
 And spells, is won from harming ;
 But that which coils around the heart,
 Oh ! who hath power of charming ? 20
 It will not list to Wisdom's lore,
 Nor Music's voice can lure it ;
 But there it stings forevermore
 The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darkened dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace 5
 By steps each planet's heavenly way ?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all, 10
 All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall :
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds, 15
 And all that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track. 20
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quenched or system breaks,
 Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear, 25
 It lives all passionless and pure :
 An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly ; 30
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR°

THE King was on his throne,
 The satraps° thronged the hall ;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold, 5
 In Judah deemed divine —
 Jehovah's vessel hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand 10
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand :
 The fingers of a man ; —

A solitary hand
Along the letters ran, 15
And traced them like a wand.°

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice. 20
“ Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers° are good, 25
But here they have no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's° men of age
Are wise and deep in lore ; 30
But now they were not sage,
They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,°
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command, 35
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night, —
The morrow proved it true. 40

“ Belshazzar's grave° is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,

Is light and worthless clay ;
 The shroud, his robe of state, 45
 His canopy the stone ;
 The Mede is at his gate !
 The Persian on his throne !”

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
 How like art thou to joy remember'd well !
 So gleams the past, the light of other days, 5
 Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays ;
 A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
 Distinct, but distant — clear, but oh, how cold !

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE°

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
 I need not have wander'd from far Galilee° ;
 It was but abjuring my creed to efface
 The curse° which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee ! 5
 If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free !
 If the exile on earth is an outcast on high,
 Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
 As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know ; 10
 In His hand is my heart and my hope — and in thine
 The land and the life which for Him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE°

OH, Mariamne ! now for thee
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding ;
 Revenge is lost in agony,
 And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
 Oh, Mariamne ! where art thou ? 5
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading :
 Ah ! couldst thou — thou wouldst pardon now,
 Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead ? — and did they dare
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving ? 10
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair :
 The sword that smote her o'er me waving.
 But thou art cold, my murder'd love !
 And this dark heart is vainly craving
 For her who soars alone above, 15
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem ;
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing ;
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
 Whose leaves for me alone are blooming ; 20
 And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
 This bosom's desolation dooming ;
 And I have earn'd those tortures well,
 Which unconsumed are still consuming !

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF
JERUSALEM BY TITUS°

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,
I beheld thee, oh Zion ! when rendered to Rome :
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I looked for thy temple,° I looked for my home, 5
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come ;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fettered hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed ; 10
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I marked not the twilight beam melting away ;
Oh ! would that the lightning had glared in its stead, 15
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head !

But the gods of the pagans shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign ;
And scattered and scorned as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father ! is only for thee. 20

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT
DOWN AND WEPT°

WE sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,

Made Salem's high places his prey ;
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters !
 Were scattered all weeping away.

5

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which rolled on in freedom below,
 They demanded the song ; but, oh never
 That triumph the Stranger shall know !
 May this right hand be withered for ever,
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

10

On the willow that harp is suspended,
 Oh Salem ! its sounds should be free ;
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee :
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of the spoiler by me !

15

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

In the valley of waters we wept on the day
 When the host of the Stranger made Salem his prey ;
 And our heads on our bosoms all droopingly lay,
 And our hearts were so full of the land far away !

The song they demanded in vain — it lay still
 In our souls as the wind that hath died on the hill ;
 They called for the harp — but our blood they shall spill
 Ere our right hands shall teach them one tone of their skill.

5

All stringlessly hung in the willow's sad tree,
 As dead as her dead-leaf, those mute harps must be :
 Our hands may be fettered, — our hearts still are free
 For our God, and our glory, and Zion, oh *Thee* !

10

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB^o

THE Assyrian^o came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green 5
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death^o spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ; 10
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, 15
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur^o are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile,^o unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME°

FROM JOB

A SPIRIT passed before me : I beheld
 The face of immortality unveiled —
 Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine —
 And there it stood, — all formless — but divine :
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ; 5
 And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake :

“ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
 Than He who deems even seraphs insecure ?
 Creatures of clay — vain dwellers in the dust !
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ? 10
 Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
 Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light ! ”

STANZAS FOR MUSIC°

“ THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE ”

“ O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit. ”

— GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay ;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades
 so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness 5

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess :
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch
again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes
down ;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ; 10
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the
breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope
of rest ;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreathe, 15
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene ;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though
they be,

So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to
me. 20

MARCH, 1815

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL

FROM THE FRENCH

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name —

She abandons me now — but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
 I have warred with a world which vanquished me only 5
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far ;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 The last single captive to millions in war.°

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crowned me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth, — 10
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won —
 Then the eagle,° whose gaze in that moment was blasted, 15
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun !

Farewell to thee, France ! — but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then, —
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys ;
 Though withered, thy tear will unfold it again — 20
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice —
 There are links which must break in the chain that has bound
 us,
 Then turn thee and call on the chief of thy choice !

JULY 25, 1815

FROM THE FRENCH

MUST thou go, my glorious chief,
 Severed from thy faithful few ?
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
 Maddening o'er that long adieu° ?
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,

Dear as both have been to me —
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith for thee?

Idol of the soldier's soul !

First in fight, but mightiest now ; 10
Many could a world control ;
Thee alone no doom can bow.
By thy side for years I dared
Death ; and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard, 15
Blessing him they served so well.°

Would that I were cold with those,
Since this hour I live to see ;
When the doubts of coward foes
Scarce dare trust a man with thee, 20
Dreading each should set thee free !
Oh ! although in dungeons pent,
All their chains were light to me,
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him 25
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrowed glories dim,
In his native darkness share ?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign, 30
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine?

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu !
Never did I droop before ;
Never to my sovereign sue, 35
As his foes I now implore :

All I ask is to divide

Every peril he must brave ;

Sharing by the hero's side

His fall, his exile,^o and his grave.

40

1815

ODE FROM THE FRENCH

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo !

Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;

There 'twas shed, but is not sunk —

Rising from each gory trunk,

Like the waterspout from ocean,

5

With a strong and growing motion,

It soars and mingles in the air,

With that of lost La Bédoyère,^o

With that of him whose honor'd grave

Contains the " bravest of the brave." ^o

10

A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,

But shall return to whence it rose ;

When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder —

Never yet was heard such thunder

As then shall shake the world with wonder —

15

Never yet was seen such lightning

As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !

Like the Wormwood star^o foretold

By the sainted Seer^o of old,

Showering down a fiery flood,

20

Turning rivers into blood.

The chief has fallen ! but not by you,

Vanquishers of Waterloo !

When the soldier-citizen^o

Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men —

25

Save in deeds that led them on

Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son —
Who, of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated, 20
Till lone Tyranny commanded?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The hero sunk into the king?
Then he fell: — so perish all
Who would men by man enthrall! 35

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume,^o
Whose realm refused thee even a tomb,
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame 40
For a meanly royal name;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little didst thou deem, when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks, 45
 Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
Shone and shiver'd fast around thee,
Of the fate at last which found thee!
Was that haughty plume laid low 50
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once, as the moon sways o'er the tide,
It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide;
Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight, 55
The soldier raised his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendancy,
And, as it onward rolling rose,
So moved his heart upon our foes.
There, where death's brief pang was quickest, 60

And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner

Of the eagle's burning crest —

There with thunder-clouds to fan her,

Who could then her wing arrest —

65

Victory beaming from her breast ?

While the broken line enlarging

Fell, or fled along the plain ;

There be sure was Murat charging !

There he ne'er shall charge again !

70

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch ;

But let Freedom rejoice,

With her heart in her voice ;

But her hand on her sword,

75

Doubly shall she be adored ;

France hath twice too well been taught

The "moral lesson" dearly bought° ;

Her safety sits not on a throne,

With Capet° or Napoleon !

80

But in equal rights and laws,

Hearts and hands in one great cause —

Freedom such as God hath given

Unto all beneath His heaven,

With their breath, and from their birth,

85

Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth ;

With a fierce and lavish hand

Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;

Pouring nations' blood like water,

In imperial seas of slaughter !

90

But the heart and the mind,

And the voice of mankind,

Shall arise in communion —

And who shall resist that proud union ?
 The time is past when swords subdued ; 95
 Man may die — the soul 's renew'd.
 Even in this low world of care
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;
 Millions breathe but to inherit
 Her forever bounding spirit. 100
 When once more her hosts assemble,
 Tyrants shall believe — and tremble.
 Smile they at this idle threat ?
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

FARE THEE WELL°

" Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

* * * * *

But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining —
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between.
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."

— COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well ! — and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare thee well :
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee 5
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,

While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe :

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not ;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own its life retaineth —
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead ;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou would solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father°!" 35
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed! 40

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest, 45
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow, 50
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle 55
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Scared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die. 60

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA°

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
 And Reason half withheld her ray,
 And Hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way ;

In that deep midnight of the mind, 5
 And that internal strife of heart,
 When dreading to be deemed too kind,
 The weak despair, the cold depart ;

When fortune changed, and Love fled far,
 And Hatred's shafts flew thick and fast, 10
 Thou wert the solitary star
 Which rose and set not to the last.

Oh ! blest be thine unbroken light !
 That watched me as a seraph's eye,
 And stood between me and the night, 15
 For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
 Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray,
 Then purer spread its gentle flame,
 And dashed the darkness all away. 20

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
 And teach it what to brave or brook —
 There's more in one soft word of thine
 Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree, 25
 That still unbroke, though gently bent,
 Still waves with fond fidelity
 Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend, the skies might pour,
But there thou wert, and still would'st be 30
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou shalt know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall ;
For Heaven in sunshine will requite 35
The kind, and thee the most of all,

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken, — thine will never break ;
Thy heart can feel, but will not move ;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake. 40

And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fixed in thee ;
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert even to me.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON °

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned — 5
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon° ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas trod, 10

Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard° ! — May none these marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I

My hair is gray but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears.
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil, 5
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned, and barred — forbidden fare ; 10
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death ;
 That father perished at the stake°
 For tenets he would not forsake ;
 And for the same his lineal race 15
 In darkness found a dwelling-place ;
 We were seven — who now are one,
 Six in youth and one in age,
 Finished as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage ; 20
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have sealed,
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied ; —
 Three were in a dungeon cast, 25
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,^o
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp : 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone :
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55

'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To harken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound, not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy, but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

60

65

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do — and did my best —
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —
 For him my soul was sorely moved :
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day —
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles being free) —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,

70

75

80

85

With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe 90
Which he abhorred to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind ;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
And perished in the foremost rank

With joy : — but not in chains to pine :
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —

And so perchance in sooth^o did mine : 100
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
To him this dungeon was a gulf, 105
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Lemman^o lies by Chillon's walls :
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow ;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave inthrals :
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake,^o 115
The dark vault lies wherein we lay.

We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high, 120
 And wanton in the happy sky ;
 And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free. 125

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food ;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
 And for the like had little care :
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moistened many a thousand years, 135
 Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den ;
 But what were these to us or him ?
 These wasted not his heart or limb ;
 My brother's soul was of that mould 140
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side ;
 But why delay the truth ? — he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
 Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.

He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laughed — and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away. 175
Oh, God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,

I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread :
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such — but sure and slow : 185
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray —
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright ; 195
And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost 200
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listened, but I could not hear ; 205
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I called, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
And rushed to him : — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived — I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;

The last, the sole, the dearest link 215
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe: 220
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know 225
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,^o
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night — it was not day, 240
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
No check, no change, no good, no crime,

But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death ;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard, 255
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track ; 260
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came 265
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me ! 270
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when 275
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,^o
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was : — my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;

And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all 320
Who loved me in a human shape ;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me :
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery ; 325
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad ;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them, and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame ;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below, 335
And the blue Rhone° in fullest flow ;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush ;

I saw the white-walled distant town,^o
And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
And then there was a little isle,^o
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue. 350
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all ;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly ; 355
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain ;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode 360
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote ;

At last men came to set me free, 370
 I asked not why, and recked not where ;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or 'fetterless to be,
 I learned to love despair.
 And thus when they appeared at last, 375
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage and all my own !
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home : 380
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place, 385
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learned to dwell ;
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends 390
 To make us what we are : — even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

DARKNESS

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ; 5
 Morn came and went — and came, and brought no day,
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation ; and all hearts

Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light :
And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones, 10
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face ; 15
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch :
A fearful hope was all the world contained ;
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks 20
Extinguished with a crash — and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest 25
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world ; and then again 30
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled : the wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawled 35
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food :
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again ; — a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart 40
Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang

Of famine fed upon all entrails — men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ; 45
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung^o them, or the dropping dead 50
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress — he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two 55
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies : they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up, 60
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld 65
Each other's aspects — saw, and shrieked, and died —
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump, 70
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea, 75
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge —
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,

The Moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air, 80
 And the clouds perished ; Darkness had no need
 Of aid from them — She was the Universe.

DIODATI, JULY, 1816

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.
 R. B. SHERIDAN °

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
 In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
 Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
 Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
 With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes 5
 While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
 Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
 Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime, —
 Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
 The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep, 10
 A holy concord, and a bright regret,
 A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
 'Tis not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer woe,
 Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
 Felt without bitterness, but full and clear, 15
 A sweet dejection, a transparent tear,
 Unmixed with worldly grief or selfish stain,
 Shed without shame, and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
 When summer's day declines along the hills, 20
 So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
 When all of genius which can perish dies.

A mighty spirit is eclipsed, a power
 Hath passed from day to darkness, to whose hour
 Of light no likeness is bequeathed — no name, 25
 Focus at once of all the rays of Fame !
 The flash of wit,^o the bright intelligence,
 The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence,^o
 Set with their sun, but still have left behind
 The enduring produce of immortal Mind ; 30
 Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
 A deathless part of him who died too soon.
 But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
 These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
 Which all embraced, and lightened over all, 35
 To cheer, to pierce, to please, or to appall.
 From the charmed council to the festive board,
 Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;
 In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
 The praised, the proud, who made his praise their pride. 40
 When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan^o
 Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
 His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
 The wrath — the delegated voice of God !
 Which shook the nations through his lips, and blazed 45
 Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet all young and warm,
 The gay creations of his spirit^o charm,
 The matchless dialogue, the deathless wit,
 Which knew not what it was to intermit ; 50
 The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
 Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring ;
 These wondrous beings of his fancy, wrought
 To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
 Here in their first abode you still may meet, 55
 Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat^o ;

A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendor of its orb betrays.
But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight, 60
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause — ah ! little do they know
That what to them seemed vice might be but woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze 65
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy, 70
The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain, —
Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes 75
Half to the ardor which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny !

These are his portion — but if joined to these
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease, 80
If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,^o
To soothe Indignity, and face to face
Meet sordid Rage, and wrestle with Disgrace,
To find in Hope but the renewed caress, 85
The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness : —
If such may be the Ills which men assail
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail ?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
Bear hearts electric, charged with fire from Heaven, 90

Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turned to thunder — scorched — and burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene 95
 Such things should be — if such have ever been ;
 Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
 To mourn the vanished beam, and add our mite
 Of praise and payment of a long delight. 100
 Ye orators ! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran hero of your field !
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three*° !
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality !
 Ye bards ! to whom the drama's muse is dear, 105
 He was your master — emulate him *here* !
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence° !
 He was your brother — bear his ashes hence !
 While powers of mind almost of boundless range,°
 Complete in kind, as various in their change, 110
 While Eloquence, Wit, Poesy, and Mirth,
 That humble harmonist of care on Earth,
 Survive within our souls — while lives our sense
 Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain, 115
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan !

DIODATI, JULY 17, 1816

PROMETHEUS°

TITAN° ! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise ;
What was thy pity's recompense ? 5
A silent suffering, and intense ;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,°
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe, 10
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until his voice is echoless.

Titan ! to thee the strife was given 15
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill ;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate, 20
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die :
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine — and thou hast borne it well. 25
All that the Thunderer° wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack ;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,°
But would not to appease him tell ; 30

And in thy silence was his sentence,
 And in his soul a vain repentance,
 An evil dread so ill dissembled
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,^o 35
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen Man with his own mind ;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy, 40
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit :
 Thou art a symbol and a sign 45
 To mortals of their fate and force ;
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source ;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny ; 50
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence :
 To which his spirit may oppose
 Itself — and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense 55
 Which even in torture can descry
 Its own concentred recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making death a victory.

DIODATI, JULY, 1816

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN

ROUSSEAU° — Voltaire° — our Gibbon° — and De Staël° —
 Leman° ! these names are worthy of thy shore,
 Thy shore of names like these ! wert thou no more,
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall :
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all, 5
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous ; but by *thee*
 How much more, Lake of Beauty, do we feel, 10
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real !
DIODATI, JULY, 1816

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE°

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
 The comet of a season, and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone, 5
 With name no clearer than the names unknown,
 Which lay unread around it ; and I asked
 The gardener of that ground, why it might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory tasked,
 Through the thick deaths of half a century ; 10

And thus he answered — “ Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so ;
He died before my day of sextonship,

And I had not the digging of this grave.”

And is this all? I thought, — and do we rip

15

The veil of immortality? and crave

I know not what of honor and of light

Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?

So soon, and so successful? As I said,

The Architect of all on which we tread,

20

For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay

To extricate remembrance from the clay,

Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,^o

Were it not that all life must end in one,

Of which we are but dreamers ; — as he caught

25

As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,

Thus spoke he, — “ I believe the man of whom

You wot,^o who lies in this selected tomb,

Was a most famous writer in his day,

And therefore travellers step from out their way

30

To pay him honor, — and myself whate'er

Your honor pleases : ” — Then most pleased I shook

From out my pocket's avaricious nook

Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere

Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare

35

So much but inconveniently : — Ye smile,

I see ye, ye profane ones ! all the while,

Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.

You are the fools, not I — for I did dwell

With a deep thought, and with a softened eye,

40

On that old sexton's natural homily,

In which there was obscurity and fame, —

The glory and the nothing of a name.

A FRAGMENT°

COULD I remount the river of my years
 To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
 I would not trace again the stream of hours
 Between their outworn banks of withered flowers,
 But bid it flow as now — until it glides 5
 Into the number of the nameless tides.

* * * * *

What is this death? — a quiet of the heart?
 The whole of that of which we are a part?
 For life is but a vision — what I see
 Of all which lives alone is life to me, 10
 And being so — the absent are the dead,
 Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
 A dreary shroud around us, and invest
 With sad remembrances our hours of rest.

The absent are the dead — for they are cold, 15
 And ne'er can be what once we did behold:
 And they are changed and cheerless, — or if yet
 The unforgotten do not all forget,
 Since thus divided — equal must it be
 If the deep barrier be of earth or sea; 20
 It may be both — but one day end it must
 In the dark union of insensate dust.

The under-earth inhabitants — are they
 But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
 The ashes of a thousand ages spread 25
 Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
 Or do they in their silent cities dwell
 Each in his incommunicative cell?
 Or have they their own language? and a sense
 Of breathless being? darkened and intense 30

As midnight in her solitude? — Oh Earth !
 Where are the past? — and wherefore had they birth ?
 The dead are thy inheritors — and we
 But bubbles on thy surface ; and the key
 Of thy profundity is in the grave, 35
 The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
 Our elements resolved to things untold,
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore
 The essence of great bosoms now no more. 40

* * * * *

DIODATI, JULY, 1816

THE DREAM

I

OUR life is twofold : Sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence : Sleep hath its own world,
 And a wide realm of wild reality,
 And dreams in their development have breath, 5
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,
 They do divide our being ; they become
 A portion of ourselves as of our time, 10
 And look like heralds of eternity ;
 They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak
 Like sibyls of the future ; they have power —
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
 They make us what we were not — what they will, 15
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by,

The dread of vanished shadows — Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? — The mind° can make
Substance, and people planets of its own 20
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep — for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years, 25
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such, 30
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs ; — the hill 35
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
These two, a maiden° and a youth,° were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath 40
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her ;
And both were young, and one was beautiful :
And both were young — yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ; 45
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,

And that was shining on him : he had looked
 Upon it till it could not pass away ; 50
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
 She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words ; she was his sight, —
 For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colored all his objects : — he had ceased 55
 To live within himself ; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all : upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously — his heart 60
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share :
 Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
 Even as a brother — but no more ; 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name 65
 Her infant friendship had bestowed on him ;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honored race. — It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not — and why ?
 Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved 70
 Another ; even *now* she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. 75
 There was an ancient mansion,^o and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparisoned :
 Within an antique oratory stood
 The boy of whom I spake ; — he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon 80

He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of ; then he leaned
His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion — then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear 85
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet : as he paused,
The lady of his love re-entered there ;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet 90
She knew she was by him beloved, — she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp 95
He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu, 100
For they did part with mutual smiles ; he passed
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. 105
The boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds°
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams : he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea 110
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images

Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
 A part of all ; and in the last he lay
 Reposing from the noontide sultriness, 115
 Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
 Of ruined walls that had survived the names
 Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
 Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man 120
 Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
 While many of his tribe slumber'd around :
 And they were canopied by the blue sky,
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
 That God alone was to be seen in heaven. 125

V

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The lady of his love was wed with one
 Who did not love her better : — in her home,
 A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
 She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy, 130
 Daughters and sons of beauty, — but behold !
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears. 135
 What could her grief be^o? — she had all she loved,
 And he who had so loved her was not there
 To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
 Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
 What could her grief be? — she had loved him not, 140
 Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
 Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
 Upon her mind — a spectre of the past.

VI

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was return'd. — I saw him stand 145
Before an altar — with a gentle bride ;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood ; — as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock 150
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude ; and then —
As in that hour — a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, — and then it faded as it came, 155
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reeled around him ; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been —
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall, 160
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light : 165
What business had they there at such a time ?

VII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love ; — Oh ! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes 170
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth ; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm° ; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things ;

And forms, impalpable and unperceived 175
 Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
 And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;
 What is it but the telescope of truth ? 180
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real !

VIII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The wanderer was alone as heretofore, 185
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,
 Or were at war with him ; he was a mark
 For blight and desolation, compassed round
 With hatred and contention ; pain was mixed
 In all which was served up to him, until, 190
 Like to the Pontic monarch^o of old days,
 He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
 But were a kind of nutriment ; he lived
 Through that which had been death to many men,
 And made him friends of mountains : with the stars 195
 And the quick Spirit of the Universe
 He held his dialogues ; and they did teach
 To him the magic of their mysteries ;
 To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
 And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd 200
 A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX

My dream was past ; it had no further change.
 It was of a strange order, that the doom

Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality — the one 205
To end in madness — both in misery.

JULY, 1816

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA°

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find ;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted, 5
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine, 10
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine ;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion, 15
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain — it shall not be its slave. 20
There is many a pang to pursue me :
They may crush, but they shall not contemn ;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me ;
'Tis of *thee* that I think — not of them.

Though human, thou did'st not deceive me, 25
Though woman, thou did'st not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake ;
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly, 30
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one ;
If my soul was not fitted to prize it, 35
'Twas folly not sooner to shun :
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*. 40

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all :
In the desert a fountain is springing, 45
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

JULY 24, 1816

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA .

I

My sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine :
Go where I will, to me thou art the same, 5
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II

The first were nothing — had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness ; 10
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress ;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore° — 15
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks, 20

The fault was mine ; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox ;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

IV

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward. 25
 My whole life was a contest,^o since the day
 That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
 The gift — a fate or will that walk'd astray ;
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay. 30
 But now I fain would for a time survive,
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

V

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old ;
 And when I look on this, the petty spray 35
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away.
 Something — I know not what — does still uphold
 A spirit of slight patience ; — not in vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain. 40

VI

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me — or perhaps a cold despair,
 Brought on when ills habitually recur —
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air —

For even to this may change of soul refer, 45
And with light armor we may learn to bear —
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

VII

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood ; trees, and flowers, and brooks, 50
Which do remember me of where I dwelt,
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks ;
And even at moments I could think I see 55
Some living thing to love — but none like thee.

VIII

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation ; — to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date ;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire. 60
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold°
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.°

IX

Oh that thou wert but with me ! — but I grow 65
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret ;

There may be others which I less may show : —

I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

70

X

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,

By the old hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake

75

The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore ;
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make

Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd forever, or divided far.

80

XI

The world is all before me ; I but ask

Of Nature that with which she will comply —

It is but in her summer's sun to bask,

To mingle with the quiet of her sky,

To see her gentle face without a mask,

85

And never gaze on it with apathy.

She was my early friend, and now shall be

My sister, till I look again on thee.

XII

I can reduce all feelings but this one ;

And that I would not ; for at length I see

90

Such scenes as those wherein my life begun,

The earliest — even the only paths for me —

Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
 I had been better than I now can be ;
 The passions which have torn me would have slept ; 95
 I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

XIII

With false Ambition what had I to do ?
 Little with Love, and least of all with Fame ;
 And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
 And made me all which they can make — a name. 100
 Yet this was not the end I did pursue ;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
 But all is over — I am one the more
 To baffled millions which have gone before.

XIV

And for the future, this world's future may 105
 From me demand but little of my care ;
 I have outlived myself by many a day,
 Having survived so many things that were.
 My years have been no slumber, but the prey
 Of ceaseless vigils ; for I had the share 110
 Of life which might have fill'd a century,
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

XV

And for the remnant which may be to come
 I am content ; and for the past I feel
 Not thankless, for within the crowded sum 115
 Of struggles, happiness at times would steal.

And for the present, I would not benumb
 My feelings further. Nor shall I conceal
 That with all this I still can look around,
 And worship Nature with a thought profound.

120

XVI

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
 We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
 Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
 It is the same, together or apart,
 From life's commencement to its slow decline
 We are entwined; let death come slow or fast,
 The tie which bound the first endures the last!

125

LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL

AND thou wert sad — yet I was not with thee;
 And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;
 Methought that joy and health alone could be
 Where I was not — and pain and sorrow here!
 And is it thus? — it is as I foretold,
 And shall be more so; for the mind recoils
 Upon itself, and the wrecked heart lies cold,
 While heaviness collects the shattered spoils.
 It is not in the storm nor in the strife
 We feel benumbed, and wish to be no more,
 But in the after-silence on the shore,
 When all is lost, except a little life.

5

10

I am too well avenged ! — but 'twas my right ;
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent
To be the Nemesis^o who should requite — 15
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.
Mercy is for the merciful ! — if thou
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.
Thy nights are banished from the realms of sleep ; —
Yes ! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel 20
A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillowed on a curse too deep ;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
The bitter harvest in a woe as real !
I have had many foes, but none like thee ; 25
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
And be avenged, or turn them into friend ;
But thou in safe implacability
Hadst nought to dread — in thy own weakness shielded,
And in my love, which hath but too much yielded, 30
And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare —
And thus upon the world — trust in thy truth,
And the wild fame of my ungoverned youth —
On things that were not, and on things that are —
Even upon such a basis hast thou built 35
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt !
The moral Clytemnestra^o of thy lord,
And hewed down, with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, Peace, and Hope — and all the better life
Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart, 40
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part.
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,
Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
For present anger, and for future gold — 45
And buying other's grief at any price,
And thus once entered into crooked ways,

The early truth, which was thy proper praise,
 Did not still walk beside thee — but at times,
 And with a breast unknowing its own crimes, 50
 Deceit, averments incompatible,
 Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell

In Janus-spirits° — the significant eye
 Which learns to lie with silence — the pretext
 Of prudence, with advantages annexed — 55
 The acquiescence in all things which tend,
 No matter how, to the desired end —

All found a place in thy philosophy.
 The means were worthy and the end is won —
 I would not do by thee as thou hast done ! 60

SEPTEMBER, 1816

TO THOMAS MOORE

WHAT are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore ?
 What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore ?
 Sighing or suing now, 5
 Rhyming or wooing now,
 Billing or cooing now,
 Which, Thomas Moore ?

But the Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore ! 10
 The Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore !
 Masking and humming,
 Fifeing and drumming,
 Guitarring and strumming, 15
 Oh Thomas Moore !

TO MR. MURRAY

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,
 Have published "Anjou's Margaret,"^o
 Which won't be sold off in a hurry —
 At least, it has not been as yet ;
 And then, still further to bewilder 'em, 5
 Without remorse, you set up "Ilderim"^o ;
 So mind you don't get into debt,
 Because as how, if you should fail,
 These books would be but baddish bail.

And mind you do *not* let escape 10
 These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,^o
 Which would be *very* treacherous — *very*,
 And get me into such a scrape !
 For, firstly, I should have to sally,
 All in my little boat, against a *Galley*^o ; 15
 And should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
 Have next to combat with the female knight.

TO THOMAS MOORE^o

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea ;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here 's a double health to thee !

Here 's a sigh to those who love me, 5
 And a smile to those who hate ;
 And, whatever sky 's above me,
 Here 's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on ; 10
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell, 15
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be — peace to thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore. 20

JULY, 1817

TO MR. MURRAY°

STRAHAN,° Tonson,° Lintot° of the times,
 Patron and publisher of rhymes,
 For thee the bard up Pindus° climbs,
 My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb, 5
 The unfledged MS. authors come ;
 Thou printest all — and sellest some —
 My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
 The last new Quarterly^o is seen, — 10
 But where is thy new Magazine,
 My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
 The works thou deemest most divine —
 The "Art of Cookery," and mine, 15
 My Murray.

Tours, travels, essays, too, I wist,
 And sermons to thy mill bring grist:
 And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
 My Murray. 20

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
 Without "the Board of Longitude,"
 Although this narrow paper would,
 My Murray!
 VENICE, MARCH 25, 1818

ODE ON VENICE

I

OH Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
 Are level with the waters, there shall be
 A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
 A loud lament along the sweeping sea!

If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee, 5
 What should thy sons do? — anything but weep;
 And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
 In contrast with their fathers — as the slime,
 The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
 Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam, 10
 That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
 Are they to those that were; and thus they creep.
 Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
 Oh! agony — that centuries should reap
 No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years 15
 Of wealth and glory turned to dust and tears;
 And every monument the stranger meets,
 Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
 And even the Lion^o all subdued appears,
 And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,^o 20
 With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
 The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
 The soft waves, once all musical to song,
 That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
 Of gondolas — and to the busy hum 25
 Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
 Were but the overbeating of the heart,
 And flow of too much happiness, which needs
 The aid of age to turn its course apart
 From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood 30
 Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
 But these are better than the gloomy errors,
 The weeds of nations in their last decay,
 When Vice walks forth with her unsoftened terrors,
 And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay; 35
 And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
 The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
 When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
 And apathy of limb, the dull beginning

Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning, 40
 Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away ;
 Yet so relieving the o'ertortured clay,
 To him appears renewal of his breath,
 And freedom the mere numbness of his chain ;
 And then he talks of life, and how again 45
 He feels his spirit soaring — albeit weak,
 And of the fresher air, which he would seek ;
 And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
 That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
 And so the film comes o'er him, and the dizzy 50
 Chamber swims round and round, and shadows busy,
 At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
 Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
 And all is ice and blackness, — and the earth
 That which it was the moment ere our birth. 55

II

There is no hope for nations ! — Search the page
 Of many thousand years — the daily scene,
 The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
 The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
 Hath taught us nought or little : still we lean 60
 On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
 Our strength away in wrestling with the air ;
 For 'tis our nature strikes us down : the beasts
 Slaughtered in hourly hecatombs for feasts
 Are of as high an order — they must go 65
 Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.
 Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
 What have they given your children in return ?
 A heritage of servitude and woes,
 A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows. 70
 What ! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,

O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
 And deem this proof of loyalty the *real*;
 Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
 And glorying as you tread the glowing bars? 75
 All that your sires have left you, all that Time
 Bequeathes of free, and History of sublime,
 Spring from a different theme! Ye see and read,
 Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
 Save the few spirits, who, despite of all, 80
 And worse than all, the sudden crimes engendered
 By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,
 And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tendered,
 Gushing from Freedom's fountains — when the crowd,
 Maddened with centuries of drought, are loud, 85
 And trample on each other to obtain
 The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
 Heavy and sore, in which long yoked they ploughed
 The sand, — or if there sprung the yellow grain,
 'Twas not for them, their necks were too much bowed, 90
 And their dead palates chewed the cud of pain:
 Yes! the few spirits, who, despite of deeds
 Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
 Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
 Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite 95
 But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
 With all her seasons to repair the blight
 With a few summers, and again put forth
 Cities and generations — fair, when free —
 For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee! 100

III

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
 With Freedom — godlike Triad! how ye sate!

The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
 When Venice was an envy, might abate,
 But did not quench, her spirit ; in her fate 105
 All were enwrapped : the feasted monarchs knew
 And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
 Although they humbled — with the kingly few
 The many felt, for from all days and climes
 She was the voyager's worship ; even her crimes 110
 Were of the softer order — born of Love,
 She drank no blood, nor fattened on the dead,
 But gladdened where her harmless conquests spread ;
 For these restored the Cross,^o that from above
 Hallowed her sheltering banners, which incessant 115
 Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,^o
 Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
 The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
 Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
 The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles ; 120
 Yet she but shares with them a common woe,
 And called the “ kingdom ” ^o of a conquering foe,
 But knows what all — and, most of all, *we* know —
 With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles !

IV

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone 125
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe ;
 Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
 A sceptre, and endures the purple robe ;
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
 His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time, 130
 For Tyranny of late is cunning grown,
 And in its own good season tramples down
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean

Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion 135
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeathed — a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand 140
 Full of the magic of exploded science —
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
 Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantic! — She has taught°
 Her Esau-brethren° that the haughty flag, 145
 The floating fence° of Albion's feeblcr crag,°
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earned with blood. Still, still, for ever
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep 150
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Dammed like the dull canal with locks and chains,
 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering : better be
 Where the extinguished Spartans still are free, 155
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh, — or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee ! 160

MAZEPPA°

I

'TWAS after dread Pultowa's day,°
 When fortune left the royal Swede,°
 Around a slaughtered army lay,
 No more to combat and to bleed.

The power and glory of the war, 5
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had passed to the triumphant Czar,°
And Moscow's walls° were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,°
And a more memorable year, 10
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name ;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one — a thunderbolt to all.

II

Such was the hazard of the die ; 15
The wounded Charles° was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stained with his own and subjects' blood ;
For thousands fell that flight to aid :
And not a voice was heard t' upbraid 20
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When Truth had nought to dread from Power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave°
His own — and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks after many a league 25
Of well sustained, but vain fatigue ;
And in the depth of forests darkling,
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling —
The beacons of surrounding foes —
A king must lay his limbs at length. 30
Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength ?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In outworn nature's agony ;
His wounds were stiff, his limbs were stark ; 35
The heavy hour was chill and dark ;

The fever in his blood forbade
 A transient slumber's fitful aid :
 And thus it was ; but yet through all,
 Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,
 And made, in this extreme of ill,
 His pangs the vassals of his will :
 All silent and subdued were they,
 As once the nations round him lay.

40

III

A band of chiefs ! — alas ! how few,
 Since but the fleeting of a day
 Had thinned it ; but this wreck was true
 And chivalrous : upon the clay
 Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
 Beside his monarch and his steed,
 For danger levels man and brute,
 And all are fellows in their need.
 Among the rest, Mazeppa° made
 His pillow in an old oak's shade —
 Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
 The Ukraine's hetman,° calm and bold ;
 But first, outspent with this long course,
 The Cossack prince° rubbed down his horse,
 And made for him a leafy bed,
 And smoothed his fetlocks and his mane,
 And slacked his girth, and stripped his rein,
 And joyed to see how well he fed ;
 For until now he had the dread
 His wearied courser might refuse
 To browse beneath the midnight dews :
 But he was hardy as his lord,
 And little cared for bed and board ;

45

50

55

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65

But spirited and docile too,
Whate'er was to be done, would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb, 70
All Tartar-like he carried him ;
Obeyed his voice, and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all :
Though thousands were around, — and Night,
Without a star, pursued her flight, — 75
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good 80
The long day's march had well withstood —
If still the powder filled the pan,
And flints unloosened kept their lock —
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt ; 85
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can,
Prepared and spread his slender stock ;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offered then 90
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show, 95
And seem above both wounds and woe ;
And then he said — “ Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,

In skirmish, march, or forage, none
 Can less have said or more have done 100
 Than thee, Mazeppa ! On the earth
 So fit a pair had never birth,
 Since Alexander's days° till now,
 As thy Bucephalus° and thou :
 All Scythia's fame° to thine should yield 105
 For pricking on o'er flood and field."
 Mazeppa answered — " Ill betide
 The school wherein I learned to ride !"
 Quoth Charles — " Old Hetman, wherefore so,
 Since thou hast learned the art so well ?" 110
 Mazeppa said — "'Twere long to tell ;
 And we have many a league to go,
 With every now and then a blow,
 And ten to one at least the foe,
 Before our steeds may graze at ease, 115
 Beyond the swift Borysthenes° :
 And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
 And I will be the sentinel
 Of this your troop." — " But I request,"
 Said Sweden's monarch, " thou wilt tell 120
 This tale of thine, and I may reap,
 Perchance, from this the boon of sleep ;
 For at this moment from my eyes
 The hope of present slumber flies."

" Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track 125
 My seventy years of memory back :
 I think 'twas in my twentieth spring, —
 Ay, 'twas, — when Casimir was king —
 John Casimir°, — I was his page
 Six summers, in my earlier age : 130
 A learned monarch, faith ! was he,
 And most unlike your majesty ;

He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again ;
And, save debates in Warsaw's diet,^o 135
He reigned in most unseemly quiet ;
Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the sex ;
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war ; 140
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book :
And then he gave prodigious fêtes —
All Warsaw gathered round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court, 145
And dames and chiefs, of princely port.
He was the Polish Solomon,^o
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpensioned, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter. 150
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes ;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And signed my odes ' Despairing Thyrsis.'
There was a certain Palatine, 155
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine ;
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent :
He had such wealth in blood and ore 160
As few could match beneath the throne ;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost looked like want of head, 165
He thought their merits were his own. °
His wife was not of his opinion ;

His junior she by thirty years,
 Grew daily tired of his dominion ;
 And, after wishes, hopes, and fears, 170
 To virtue a few farewell tears,
 A restless dream or two, some glances
 At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances
 Awaited but the usual chances,
 Those happy accidents which render 175
 The coldest dames so very tender,
 To deck her count with titles given,
 'Tis said, as passports into heaven ;
 But, strange to say, they rarely boast
 Of these, who have deserved them most. 180

V

"I was a goodly stripling then ;
 At seventy years I so may say,
 That there were few, or boys or men,
 Who, in my dawning time of day,
 Of vassal or of knight's degree, 185
 Could vie in vanities with me ;
 For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
 A port, not like to this ye see,
 But smooth, as all is rugged now ;
 For time, and care, and war, have ploughed 190
 My very soul from out my brow ;
 And thus I should be disavowed
 By all my kind and kin, could they
 Compare my day and yesterday ;
 This change was wrought, too, long ere age 195
 Had ta'en my features for his page :
 With years, ye know, have not declined
 My strength, my courage, or my mind,

Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree, 200
With starless skies my canopy.

But let me on : Theresa's form —
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,

The memory is so quick and warm ; 205
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well :

She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighborhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood, 210

Dark as above us is the sky ;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise of midnight ;

Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seemed to melt to its own beam ; 215
All love, half languor, and half fire,

Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.)

A brow like a midsummer lake, 220
Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,

And Heaven beholds her face within.
A cheek and lip — but why proceed ?
I loved her then, I love her still ; 225

And such as I am, love indeed
In fierce extremes — in good and ill.
But still we love even in our rage,

And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the past, 230
As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI

"We met — we gazed — I saw, and sighed,
 She did not speak, and yet replied ;
 There are ten thousand tones and signs
 We hear and see, but none defines — 235
 Involuntary sparks of thought,
 Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
 And form a strange intelligence,
 Alike mysterious and intense,
 Which link the burning chain that binds, 240
 Without their will, young hearts and minds ;
 Conveying, as the electric wire,
 We know not how, the absorbing fire.
 I saw, and sighed — in silence wept,
 And still reluctant distance kept, 245
 Until I was made known to her,
 And we might then and there confer
 Without suspicion — then, even then,
 I longed, and was resolved to speak ;
 But on my lips they died again, 250
 The accents tremulous and weak,
 Until one hour. — There is a game,
 A frivolous and foolish play,
 Wherewith we while away the day ;
 It is — I have forgot the name — 255
 And we to this, it seems, were set,
 By some strange chance, which I forget :
 I recked not if I won or lost,
 It was enough for me to be
 So near to hear, and oh ! to see 260
 The being whom I loved the most.
 I watched her as a sentinel, —
 May ours this dark night watch as well !
 Until I saw, and thus it was,

That she was pensive, nor perceived 265
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain ; but still
Played on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot. 270

Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair ;
And on the thought my words broke forth 275

All incoherent as they were —
Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listened — 'tis enough —
Who listens once will listen twice ;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice, 280
And one refusal no rebuff.

VII

“ I loved, and was beloved again —
They tell me, sire, you never knew
Those gentle frailties ; if 'tis true,
I shorten all my joy or pain ; 285
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain ;
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am — or rather *was* — a prince, 290
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost bleed ;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control — But to resume :
I loved, and was beloved again ; 295
In sooth, it is a happy doom,

But yet where happiest ends in pain.
 We met in secret, and the hour
 Which led me to that lady's bower
 Was fiery Expectation's dower. 300
 My days and nights were nothing — all
 Except that hour which doth recall,
 In the long lapse from youth to age,
 No other like itself: I'd give
 The Ukraine back again to live 305
 It o'er once more, and be a page,
 The happy page, who was the lord
 Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
 And had no other gem nor wealth
 Save Nature's gift of youth and health. 310
 We met in secret — doubly sweet,
 Some say, they find it so to meet;
 I know not that — I would have given
 My life but to have called her mine
 In the full view of earth and heaven; 315
 For I did oft and long repine
 That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII

"For lovers there are many eyes,
 And such there were on us; the devil
 On such occasions should be civil — 320
 The devil! — I'm loth to do him wrong,
 It might be some untoward saint,
 Who would not be at rest too long,
 But to his pious bile gave vent —
 But one fair night, some lurking spies 325
 Surprised and seized us both.
 The Count was something more than wroth —
 I was unarmed; but if in steel,

All cap-à-pie from head to heel,
What 'gainst their numbers could I do? — 330
'Twas near his castle, far away
From city or from succor near,
And almost on the break of day ;
I did not think to see another,
My moments seemed reduced to few ; 335
And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
And, it may be, a saint or two,
As I resigned me to my fate,
They led me to the castle gate :
Theresa's doom I never knew, 340
Our lot was henceforth separate.
An angry man, ye may opine,
Was he, the proud Count Palatine ;
And he had reason good to be,
But he was most enraged lest such 345
An accident should chance to touch
Upon his future pedigree ;
Nor less amazed, that such a blot
His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
While he was highest of his line ; 350
Because unto himself he seemed
The first of men, nor less he deemed
In others' eyes, and most in mine.
'Sdeath ! with a *page* — perchance a king
Had reconciled him to the thing ; 355
But with a stripling of a page —
I felt — but cannot paint his rage.

IX

“ ‘ Bring forth the horse ! ’ — the horse was brought.
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, 360

Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,

Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled —

'Twas but a day he had been caught ; 365

And snorting, with erected mane,

And struggling fiercely, but in vain,

In the full foam of wrath and dread

To me the desert-born was led :

They bound me on, that menial throng, 370

Upon his back with many a thong ;

Then loosed him with a sudden lash —

Away ! away ! and on we dash ! —

Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X

" Away ! away ! My breath was gone — 375

I saw not where he hurried on :

'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,

And on he foamed — away ! away !

The last of human sounds which rose,

As I was darted from my foes, 380

Was the wild shout of savage laughter,

Which on the wind came roaring after

A moment from that rabble rout :

With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,

And snapped the cord, which to the mane 385

Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,

And, writhing half my form about,

Howled back my curse ; but 'midst the tread,

The thunder of my courser's speed,

Perchance they did not hear nor heed : 390

It vexes me — for I would fain

Have paid their insult back again.

I paid it well in after days :

There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight, 395
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left ;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,

Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall ;
And many a time ye there might pass, 400
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was :

I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorched and blackening roof, 405
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.

They little thought that day of pain,
When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again, 410
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.

They played me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank : 415
At length I played them one as frank —
For time at last sets all things even —

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven, 420
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI

“ Away ! away ! my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,

All human dwellings left behind, 425
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequered with the northern light.
Town — village — none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent, 430
And bounded by a forest black ;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some stronghold,
Against the Tartars^o built of old,
No trace of man. The year before, 435
A Turkish army had marched o'er ;
And where the Spahi's hoof^o hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod :
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by — 440
I could have answered with a sigh —
But fast we fled, away ! away !
And I could neither sigh nor pray ;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane ; 445
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career :
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed ;
But no — my bound and slender frame 450
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became :
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright : 455
I tried my voice, — 'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow ;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang :

Meantime my cords were wet with gore, 460
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

XII

“ We neared the wild wood — ’twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side ; 465
’Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia’s waste,
And strips the forest in its haste, —
But these were few and far between, 470
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest’s foliage dead,
Discolored with a lifeless red, 475
Which stands thereon like stiffened gore
Upon the slain when battle’s o’er,
And some long winter’s night hath shed
Its frost o’er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven’s beak 480
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :
’Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;
But far apart — and well it were, 485
Or else a different lot were mine —
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs ; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold —
My bonds forbade to loose my hold. 490

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
 Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
 By night I heard them on the track,
 Their troop came hard upon our back,
 With their long gallop, which can tire 495
 The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :
 Where'er we flew they followed on,
 Nor left us with the morning sun ;
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
 At day-break winding through the wood, 500
 And through the night had heard their feet
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
 Oh ! how I wished for spear or sword,
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish — if it must be so — 505
 At bay, destroying many a foe !
 When first my courser's race begun,
 I wished the goal already won ;
 But now I doubted strength and speed.
 Vain doubt ! his swift and savage breed 510
 Had nerved him like the mountain-roe ;
 Nor faster falls the blinding snow
 Which whelms the peasant near the door
 Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
 Bewildered with the dazzling blast, 515
 Than through the forest-paths he past —
 Untired, untamed, and worse than wild ;
 All furious as a favored child
 Balked of its wish ; or fiercer still —
 A woman piqued — who has her will. 520

XIII

“ The wood was past ; ’twas more than noon,
 But chill the air, although in June ;

Or it might be my veins ran cold —
Prolonged endurance tames the bold ;
And I was then not what I seem, 525
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er :
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path, 530
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness ;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like 535
The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
I seemed to sink upon the ground ; 540
But erred, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more :
The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel, 545
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther. He who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.
I felt the blackness come and go, 550
And strove to wake ; but could not make
My senses climb up from below :
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm, 555
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as

The fancied lights that flitting pass
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
 Fever begins upon the brain ;
 But soon it passed, with little pain,
 But a confusion worse than such :
 I own that I should deem it much,
 Dying, to feel the same again ;
 And yet I do suppose we must
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust :
 No matter ; I have bared my brow
 Full in Death's face — before — and now.

560

565

XIV

“ My thoughts came back ; where was I ? Cold,
 And numb, and giddy : pulse by pulse
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,
 And throb by throb, — till grown a pang
 Which for a moment would convulse,
 My blood reflowed, though thick and chill ;
 My ear with uncouth noises rang,
 My heart began once more to thrill ;
 My sight returned, though dim ; alas !
 And thickened, as it were, with glass.
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh ;
 There was a gleam too of the sky,
 Studded with stars ; — it is no dream ;
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream !
 The bright broad river's gushing tide
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
 And we are half-way, struggling o'er
 To yon unknown and silent shore.
 The waters broke my hollow trance,
 And with a temporary strength
 My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.

570

575

580

585

My courser's broad breast proudly braves, 590
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance !
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear 595
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell ; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew. 600

XV

“ With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top : a boundless plain 605
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight ;
And here and there a speck of white, 610
Or scattered spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right :
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate 615
The omen of a cottage gate ;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star ;
Not even an ignis-fatuus^o rose
To make him merry with my woes : 620

That very cheat had cheered me then !
 Although detected, welcome still,
 Reminding me through every ill,
 Of the abodes of men.

XVI

“ Onward we went — but slack and slow ; 625
 His savage force at length o’erspent,
 The drooping courser, faint and low,
 All feebly foaming went.
 A sickly infant had had power
 To guide him forward in that hour ; 630
 But, useless all to me,
 His new-born tameness nought availed —
 My limbs were bound ; my force had failed,
 Perchance, had they been free.
 With feeble effort still I tried 635
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied,
 But still it was in vain ;
 My limbs were only wrung the more,
 And soon the idle strife gave o’er,
 Which but prolonged their pain. 640
 The dizzy race seemed almost done,
 Although no goal was nearly won :
 Some streaks announced the coming sun —
 How slow, alas ! he came !
 Methought that mist of dawning gray 645
 Would never dapple into day ;
 How heavily it rolled away !
 Before the eastern flame
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
 And called the radiance from their cars, 650
 And filled the earth, from his deep throne,
 With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII

“Up rose the sun ; the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around, behind, before. 655
What booted it to traverse o’er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;
No sign of travel, none of toil ; 660
The very air was mute ;
And not an insect’s shrill small horn,
Nor matin° bird’s new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,°
Panting as if his heart would burst, 665
The weary brute still staggered on ;
And still we were — or seemed — alone.
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs. 670
Is it the wind those branches stirs ?
No, no ! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop ; I see them come !
In one vast squadron they advance !
I strove to cry — my lips were dumb. 675
The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;
But where are they the reins to guide ?
A thousand horse, and none to ride !
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils never stretched by pain, 680
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o’er the sea, 685

Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet.
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh, 690
 He answered, and then fell.
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
 And reeking limbs immovable,
 His first and last career is done.
On came the troop — they saw him stoop, 695
 They saw me strangely bound along
 His back with many a bloody thong :
They stop, they start, they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round, 700
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
 Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide ; 705
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.
 They left me there to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch, 710
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me — and there we lay,
 The dying on the dead ! 715
I little deemed another day
 Would see my houseless, helpless head.

“ And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,

With just enough of life to see 720
My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,
That makes us feel at length resigned
To that which our foreboding years
Presents the worst and last of fears : 725
Inevitable — even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon,
Yet shunned and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare
That prudence might escape : 730
At times both wished for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes,
And welcomed in no shape. 735
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
They who have revelled beyond measure
In beauty, wassail,^o wine, and treasure,
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
Whose heritage was misery. 740
For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,
Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave ;
And, save the future, — which is viewed
Not quite as men are base or good, 745
But as their nerves may be endued, —
With nought perhaps to grieve :
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
Appears, to his distempered eyes, 750
Arrived to rob him of his prize,
The tree of his new Paradise.
To-morrow would have given him all,
Repaid his pangs, repaired his fall ;

To-morrow would have been the first 755
 Of days no more deplored or curst,
 But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
 Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
 Guerdon^o of many a painful hour ;
 To-morrow would have given him power 760
 To rule, to shine, to smite, to save —
 And must it dawn upon his grave ?

XVIII

“The sun was sinking — still I lay
 Chained to the chill and stiffening steed,
 I thought to mingle there our clay ; 765
 And my dim eyes of death had need,
 No hope arose of being freed.
 I cast my last looks up the sky,
 And there between me and the sun
 I saw the expecting raven fly, 770
 Who scarce would wait till both should die,
 Ere his repast begun ;
 He flew, and perched, then flew once more,
 And each time nearer than before ;
 I saw his wing through twilight flit, 775
 And once so near me he alit
 I could have smote, but lacked the strength ;
 But the slight motion of my hand,
 And feeble scratching of the sand,
 The exerted throat's faint struggling noise, 780
 Which scarcely could be called a voice,
 Together scared him off at length.
 I know no more — my latest dream
 Is something of a lovely star
 Which fixed my dull eyes from afar, 785
 And went and came with wandering beam,

And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
 Sensation of recurring sense,
 And then subsiding back to death,
 And then again a little breath, 790
 A little thrill, a short suspense,
 An icy sickness curdling o'er
 My heart, and sparks that crossed my brain —
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
 A sigh, and nothing more. 795

XIX

"I woke — Where was I? — Do I see
 A human face look down on me?
 And doth a roof above me close?
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 Is this a chamber where I lie? 800
 And is it mortal yon bright eye,
 That watches me with gentle glance?
 I closed my own again once more,
 As doubtful that the former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er. 805
 A slender girl, long-haired, and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall.
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw 810
 A prying, pitying glance on me,
 With her black eyes so wild and free.
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be, —
 But that I lived, and was released 815
 From adding to the vulture's feast.^o
 And when the Cossack maid beheld
 My heavy eyes at length unsealed,

She smiled — and I essayed to speak,
 But failed — and she approached, and made 820
 With lip and finger signs that said,
 I must not strive as yet to break
 The silence, till my strength should be
 Enough to leave my accents free ;
 And then her hand on mine she laid, 825
 And smoothed the pillow for my head,
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,
 And gently oped the door, and spake
 In whispers — ne'er was voice so sweet !
 Even music followed her light feet. 830
 But those she called were not awake,
 And she went forth ; but, ere she passed,
 Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say,
 That I had nought to fear, that all 835
 Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
 Her due return : — while she was gone,
 Methought I felt too much alone.

XX

“She came with mother and with sire — 840
 What need of more ? — I will not tire
 With long recital of the rest,
 Since I became the Cossack's guest.
 They found me senseless on the plain,
 They bore me to the nearest hut, 845
 They brought me into life again,
 Me — one day o'er their realm to reign !
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
 His rage, refining on my pain,
 Sent me forth to the wilderness, 850

Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
 To pass the desert to a throne, —
 What mortal his own doom may guess?
 Let none despond, let none despair!

To-morrow the Borysthenes 855

May see our coursers graze at ease
 Upon his Turkish bank, — and never
 Had I such welcome for a river

As I shall yield when safely there.^o
 Comrades, good night!" — the hetman threw 860

His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
 With leafy couch already made,

A bed nor comfortless nor new
 To him, who took his rest whene'er
 The hour arrived, no matter where: 865

His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
 And if ye marvel Charles forgot
 To thank his tale, *he* wondered not, —
 The king had been an hour asleep.

STANZAS TO THE PO^o

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,^o
 Where dwells the lady of my love,^o when she
 Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
 A faint and fleeting memory of me;

What if thy deep and ample stream should be 5
 A mirror of my heart, where she may read
 The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
 Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

What do I say — a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong? 10
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, — not for ever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river! 15
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away;

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,
And I — to loving *one* I should not love. 20

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharmed by summer's heat.

She will look on thee, — I have looked on thee, 25
Full of that thought; and from that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream, —
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now: 30
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep? —
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore, 35
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth. 40

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian,^o as if never fanned
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not, 45
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures, ne'er to be forgot,^o
A slave again of love, — at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle — let me perish young —
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved; 50
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.
APRIL, 1819

THE ISLES OF GREECE^o

FROM DON JUAN, CANTO III

I

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho^o loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos^o rose, and Phœbus^o sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet, 5
But all, except their sun, is set.

II

The Scian° and the Teian° muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."°

10

III

The mountains look on Marathon° —
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

15

IV

A king° sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis° ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ; — all were his !
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set where were they ?

20

V

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

25

30

VI

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here? 35
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

VII

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead! 40
Of the three hundred° grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

VIII

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall, 45
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

IX

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine°! 50
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine°!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal°!

X

You have the Pyrrhic dance° as yet ;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx° gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus° gave —
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

55

60

XI

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song° divine :
 He served — but served Polycrates° —
 A tyrant ; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

65

XII

The tyrant of the Chersonese°
 Was Freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades° !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

70

XIII

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock,° and Parga's shore,°
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers° bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood° might own.

75

XIV

Trust not for freedom to the Franks° ;
 They have a king who buys and sells ; 80
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

XV

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine ! 85
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade ;
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves. 90

XVI

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,°
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine — 95
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

AVE MARIA

FROM DON JUAN, CANTO III

AVE MARIA ° ! blessed be the hour !
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower, 5

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove° —
What though 'tis but a pictured image? — strike —
That painting is no idol, — 'tis too like.

Sweet hour of twilight! — in the solitude

Of the pine forest, and the silent shore

Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,°

Rooted where once the Adrian wave° flowed o'er,

To where the last Cæsarean fortress° stood,

Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore°

And Dryden's lay° made haunted ground to me,

How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,

Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,

And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;

The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,°

His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng

Which learned from this example not to fly

From a true lover, — shadowed my mind's eye.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things —

Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,

To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,

The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast. 40

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start, 45
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
 Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns !

STANZAS°

“COULD LOVE FOREVER”

COULD Love forever
 Run like a river,
 And Time's endeavor
 Be tried in vain —
 No other pleasure 5
 With this could measure ;
 And like a treasure
 We'd hug the chain.
 But since our sighing
 Ends not in dying, 10
 And, formed for flying,
 Love plumes his wing ;
 Then for this reason
 Let 's love a season ;
 But let that season be only spring. 15

When lovers parted
Feel broken-hearted,
And, all hopes thwarted
 Expect to die ;
A few years older, 20
Ah ! how much colder
They might behold her
 For whom they sigh !
When linked together,
In every weather, 25
They pluck Love's feather
 From out his wing —
He'll stay forever,
But sadly shiver
Without his plumage, when past the spring. 30

Like chiefs of faction,
His life is action —
A formal paction
 That curbs his reign,
Obscures his glory, 35
Despot no more, he
Such territory
 Quits with disdain.
Still, still advancing,
With banners glancing, 40
His power enhancing,
 He must move on —
Repose but cloy's him,
Retreat destroys him,
Love brooks not a degraded throne. 45

Wait not, fond lover !
Till years are over,

And then recover
As from a dream.
While each bewailing 50
The other's failing,
With wrath and railing,
All hideous seem —
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing, 55
Wait not till teasing
All passion blight :
If once diminished
Love's reign is finished —

Then part in friendship, — and bid good night. 60

So shall Affection
To recollection
The dear connection
Bring back with joy :
You had not waited 65
Till, tired or hated,
Your passions sated
Began to cloy.

Your last embraces
Leave no cold traces — 70
The same fond faces

As through the past ;
And eyes, the mirrors
Of your sweet errors,
Reflect but rapture — not least though last. 75

True, separations
Ask more than patience ;
What desperations
From such have risen !

But yet remaining,
 What is't but chaining
 Hearts which, once waning,
 Beat 'gainst their prison?
 Time can but cloy love,
 And use destroy love:
 The winged boy, Love,
 Is but for boys —
 You'll find it torture
 Though sharper, shorter,
 To wean, and not wear out your joys.

1819

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI°

FROM DANTE'S INFERNO, CANTO V

"THE land where I was born° sits by the seas,
 Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
 With all his followers, in search of peace.
 Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
 Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
 From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
 Love, who to none beloved to love again
 Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,
 That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
 Love to one death conducted us along,
 But Cainà° waits for him° our life who ended."
 These were the accents utter'd by her tongue. —
 Since I° first listen'd to these souls offended,
 I bow'd my visage, and so kept it till —
 "Whát think'st thou?" said the bard,° when I un-
 bended,

10

15

And recommenced : " Alas ! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies,
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil ! "
And then I turned unto their side my eyes,
And said, " Francesca, thy sad destinies 20
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize ? "
Then she to me : " The greatest of all woes° 25
Is to remind us of our happy days
In misery, and that thy teacher° knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says. 30
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancilot,° how love enchain'd him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue 35
All o'er discolor'd by that reading were ;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew ;
When we read the long-sigh'd-for smile of her,°
To be thus kiss'd by such devoted lover,
He° who from me can be divided ne'er
Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over : 40
Accursed was the book and he who wrote !
That day no further leaf we did uncover." —
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls°
I swoon'd, as if by death I had been smote, 45
And fell down even as a dead body falls.

STANZAS°

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
 Let him combat for that of his neighbors ;
 Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
 And get knocked on the head for his labors.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan, 5
 And is always as nobly requited ;
 Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
 And, if not shot or hanged, you'll get knighted.
NOVEMBER, 1820

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY°

JANUARY 22, 1821

THROUGH life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
 I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
 What have these years left to me ?
 Nothing — except thirty-three.

EPIGRAM°

ON THE BRAZIERS' COMPANY HAVING RESOLVED TO PRESENT
 AN ADDRESS TO QUEEN CAROLINE

THE braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
 An address, and present it themselves all in brass ;—
 A superfluous pageant — for, by the Lord Harry !
 They'll find where they're going much more than they carry.

EPIGRAM°

THE world is a bundle of hay,
 Mankind are the asses who pull ;
 Each tugs it a different way,
 And the greatest of all is John Bull.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN
FLORENCE AND PISA°

OH, talk not to me of a name great in story ;
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled ? 5
 'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.
 Then away with all such from the head that is hoary !
 What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory ?

Oh FAME ! — if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases, 10
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee ;
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee ;
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story, 15
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

STANZAS

TO A HINDOO AIR

OH ! my lonely, lonely, lonely Pillow !
 Where is my lover ? where is my lover ?
 Is it his bark which my dreary dreams discover ?
 Far, far away ! and alone along the billow ?

Oh ! my lonely, lonely, lonely Pillow !
 Why must my head ache where his gentle brow lay ?
 How the long night flags lovelessly and slowly,
 And my head droops over thee like the willow.

Oh ! thou, my sad and solitary Pillow !
 Send me kind dreams to keep my heart from breaking ; 10
 In return for the tears I shed upon thee waking,
 Let me not die till he comes back o'er the billow.

Then if thou wilt — no more my *lonely* Pillow,
 In one embrace let these arms again enfold him,
 And then expire of the joy but to behold him ! 15
 Oh ! my lone bosom ! — oh ! my lone Pillow !

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH
 YEAR

MISSOLONGHI, JANUARY 22, 1824

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move :
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf; 5
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle; 10
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share, 15
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where Glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow. 20

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,^o
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she *is* awake! — 25
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! unto thee 30
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

35

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

40

NOTES

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY, PAGE 1

After the dissolution of the monasteries in 1536, King Henry VIII presented the priory of Newstead to Sir John Byron, who seems to have been a royal favorite. The estate remained in the possession of the Byrons till 1817.

6. **Led their vassals.** There seems to be no record of any of Byron's ancestors' having gone on the Crusades.

11. **Askalon's towers.** Ascalon was an ancient city in Syria, on the coast of the Mediterranean. **John of Horistan.** "In *Doomsday-book*, the name of Ralph de Burun ranks high among the tenants of land in Nottinghamshire; and in the succeeding reigns, under the title of Lords of Horestan Castle, we find his descendants holding considerable possessions in Derbyshire." — *Moore's Life of Byron*.

13. **Cressy.** Crécy, in France, was the scene of a decisive victory of Edward III over the French, in 1346.

17. **Marston.** The battle of Marston Moor in 1644. Here Cromwell defeated the Royalists in the Civil War. **Rupert.** Prince Rupert, a famous cavalry leader in the army of Charles I.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL, PAGE 2

Soon after Byron entered Harrow, Dr. Drury, the head master, resigned. His successor, Dr. Butler, Byron disliked exceedingly

and treated with intentional rudeness. "Unhappily their opportunities of collision were the more frequent from Byron being a resident in Dr. Butler's house. One day, the young rebel, in a fit of defiance, tore down all the gratings from the window in the hall; and when called upon by his host to say why he had committed this violence, answered with stern coolness, 'Because they darkened the hall.' " — *Moore's Life of Byron*.

Byron later repented of his rudeness to Dr. Butler and became his warm friend.

1. *Ida*. A name which Byron frequently applied to Harrow.
2. *Probus*. Dr. Drury.
4. *Barbarian*. Byron may have had in mind Theodoric, the emperor of the Ostrogoths, 493-526, one of the successors of the Western emperors after the fall of the Roman empire.
6. *Pomposus*. Dr. Butler.

FRAGMENT WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH, PAGE 3

Mary Chaworth was a young heiress who lived at Annesley, near Newstead. When only fifteen, Byron fell deeply in love with her. She did not return his affection, however, and in 1805 married a Mr. Musters. This disappointment seems to have affected the poet keenly. He himself said: "Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers — it would have joined lands broad and rich, it would have joined at least *one* heart and two persons not ill-matched in years (she is two years my elder), and — and — and — *what* has been the result?"

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF HARROW, PAGE 3

4. *Friendships*. At Harrow Byron made many friends, of whom Sir Robert Peel became most distinguished in after life. On one occasion, when young Peel was being beaten by an older boy, Byron rushed up and offered to take half the blows.

10. Fields where we fought. "At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven, and that was to H — ; and the rascal did not win it, but by the unfair treatment of his own boarding-house, where we boxed — I had not even a second." — *Byron's Journal*.

14. Yon tombstone. "They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favorite resting-place, that the boys called it 'Byron's tomb'; and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapped up in thought, — brooding loneliness over the first stirrings of passion and genius in his soul, and occasionally, perhaps, indulging in those bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when little more than fifteen years of age, he wrote these remarkable lines : —

"My epitaph shall be my name alone;
If that with honor fail to crown my clay,
O may no other fame my deeds repay;
That, only that, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot."

— *Moore's Life of Byron*.

18. Zanga, Alonzo. Characters in Young's drama, *The Revenge*. "My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical, and Dr. Drury, my grand patron (our head master), had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action. I remember that my first declamation astonished him into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments before the declaimers at our first rehearsal." — *Byron's Journal*.

20. Mossop. "A contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga." — *Byron's note*.

21. Lear. A legendary king of Britain, and the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy.

24. **Garrick.** Celebrated English actor, poet, and dramatist, 1716-1779.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION,

PAGE 5

2. **Magnus.** Dr. William Lort Mansel, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, afterward Bishop of Bristol.

9. **Euclid's axioms.** Euclid was a Greek geometrician who lived in Alexandria about 300 B.C.

12. **Attic metres.** Verse written in Attica, Ancient Greece, but used here loosely for any Greek verse.

15. **Edward.** Probably Edward III, King of England, 1327-1377. He waged successful wars with France.

16. **Henry.** Henry V, King of England, 1413-1422.

17. **Magna Charta.** The charter guaranteeing rights to the English people, extorted from King John, at Runnymede, in 1215.

19. **Lycurgus.** The great legendary lawgiver of Sparta. He lived about 800 B.C.

20. **Blackstone.** Sir William Blackstone, an English jurist, 1723-1780, author of a well-known work on common law.

22. **Avon's bard.** Shakespeare, born in Stratford-on-Avon, 1564; died there, 1616.

30. **Th' Athenian's glowing style.** An allusion to Demosthenes, the celebrated Athenian orator of the fourth century B.C. **Tully's fire.** Marcus Tullius Cicero, Roman orator of the first century B.C.

38. **The Dean.** An officer in English universities who presides at chapel exercises, and sometimes has general supervision over the conduct of the students.

50. **Granta's sluggish shade.** In Anglo-Saxon times the river flowing through Cambridge was called the Granta, and the Roman town built there was called Grantchester.

51. **Cam's sedgy banks.** The river which flows through Cambridge is now called the Cam. Cf. l. 50.

57. Bentley. English critic and classical scholar, 1662-1742. Brunck. French critic, 1729-1803. Porson. Professor of Greek in Trinity College, Cambridge.

64. Pitt. William Pitt, English statesman and orator, 1759-1806, at one time represented Cambridge University in Parliament. Petty. After the death of Pitt, Lord Henry Petty represented the University.

LACHIN Y GAIR, PAGE 7

“Lachin y Gair, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly preëminent in the northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our ‘Caledonian Alps.’ Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.” — *Byron’s note*.

5. Caledonia. Name given by Roman writers to the northern part of Great Britain, and applied poetically to Scotland.

10. Plaid. “This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*; the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.” — *Byron’s note*.

25. Ill-starred, though brave. “I allude here to my maternal ancestors, ‘the Gordons,’ many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender.” — *Byron’s note*.

27. Culloden. A battle fought in Scotland in 1746, in which the troops of George II defeated those of the Pretender.

30. Braemar. A tract in the Highlands of Scotland.

36. Albion’s plain. England. Albyn was the ancient Gaelic name for Scotland, and was later applied to the whole island of Britain.

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES, PAGE 8

Byron tells us that the title of this poem is a French proverb.

41. Seat of my youth. Harrow.

51. My Lycus. The Earl of Clare, one of the poet's intimate school friends.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE, PAGE 11

This poem was written December 29, 1806. Moore says of it: "It contains, as will be seen, his [Byron's] religious creed at that period, and shows how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind."

5-8. Cf. *The Adieu*, ll. 111-114.

TO A LADY, PAGE 13

This poem is addressed to Mrs. Musters, formerly Miss Chaworth. Speaking of her in 1822, Byron said:—

"Our meetings were stolen ones, and a gate leading from Mr. Chaworth's grounds to those of my mother was the place of our interviews. But the ardor was all on my side. I was serious; she was volatile; she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy; she, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole tenor of my life would have been different."

2. This pledge. Probably an allusion to the lady's picture.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD, PAGE 15

The gloomy sentiment of this poem should not be taken too seriously. The early life of the poet was sad, but it is doubtful

whether at this time he really felt the wretchedness he here expresses.

53-56. Cf. Psalm iv, 6. "Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

54. Turtle. Turtle dove.

THE ADIEU, PAGE 17

1. Thou Hill. Harrow.

7. Ida's paths. Cf. *On a Change of Masters at a Great Public School*, l. 1, note. :

12. Granta's vale. Cf. *Thoughts suggested by a College Examination*, l. 50, note.

17. Cama's verdant margin. Cf. *Thoughts suggested by a College Examination*, l. 51, note.

29. Marr's dusky heath. A district in Scotland between the rivers Don and Dee. Dee's clear wave. A river in Scotland, flowing into the North Sea.

30. Sotheron. Southern.

31. Hall of my sires. Newstead Abbey.

45. Streamlet. The river Grete, which flows through Southwell.

55. Mary. Mary Duff, whom the poet met during a visit in the Highlands of Scotland, when he was only eight years old. In 1813 he wrote of her: "I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. . . . I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. . . . I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plainstones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way."

61. **My Friend.** Eddlestone, a young chorister in Cambridge, about the poet's own age, for whom Byron conceived a romantic friendship. He died in 1811.

65. **Thy gift.** A cornelian heart given him by Eddlestone. Cf. *The Cornelian*.

68. **Our lot.** An allusion to the difference in their rank.

90. **Lethe's stream.** A river in Hades supposed by the ancients to bring forgetfulness to those who drank of its waters.

111-114. Cf. *The Prayer of Nature*, ll. 5-8.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE, PAGE 21

25-28. **Can I sing of the deeds.** Cf. *On Leaving Newstead Abbey*.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL, PAGE 22

During Byron's residence at Cambridge, his mother occupied a house in Southwell, a village in Nottinghamshire. Byron spent considerable time here during his vacations. In a letter written in 1807 he speaks half jestingly of the place, "O Southwell, how I rejoice to have left thee! and how I curse the heavy hours I dragged along for so many months among the Mohawks who inhabit your kraals!"

STANZAS FOR MUSIC, PAGE 23

"Bright be the place of thy soul."

15. **Cypress, yew.** Both these trees are associated with mourning. Among Eastern peoples, especially, the cypress is considered a tree of mourning. Turkish cemeteries are often planted so thick with cypresses that the sun's rays hardly penetrate them.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL, PAGE 25

Byron frequently entertained his college friends at Newstead, where they sometimes amused themselves by masquerading as

monks, and drinking wine from a cup made from a skull found on the place.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY, PAGE 26

This poem was written shortly after dining at the house of his former sweetheart, Miss Chaworth.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUND-
LAND DOG, PAGE 27

These verses were engraved on a monument erected in the garden of Newstead, in honor of a favorite dog named Boatswain. In a letter to a friend, Byron thus announces the news: "Boatswain is dead! — he expired in a state of madness on the 18th after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him."

In his fondness for dogs, Byron resembled his fellow-poets, Pope, Cowper, and Scott.

TO A LADY, ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR
QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING, PAGE 28

This poem was addressed to Mrs. Musters, formerly Miss Chaworth.

TO FLORENCE, PAGE 29

The Florence of this poem was a Mrs. Spencer Smith, whom Byron met at Malta in the summer of 1809. In a letter to his mother he thus describes her: "This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her

father, Baron H., was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five. She is here on her way to England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time."

5. This barren isle. Malta.

9. Albion's craggy shore. England. Cf. *Lachin y Gair*, l. 36, note, p. 185.

32. A tyrant's fiercer wrath. An allusion to Bonaparte.

34. Byzantium. The ancient name for Constantinople.

35. Stamboul's oriental halls. Stamboul is the name given by the Turks to Constantinople.

Cf. *Childe Harold*, Canto II, 266-273:—

"Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But, checked by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

Thus Harold deemed, as on that lady's eye
He looked, and met its beam without a thought,
Save Admiration glancing harmless by."

Cf. also *Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm*.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ, PAGE 30

These verses were originally intended to follow the eighty-sixth stanza of the first canto of *Childe Harold*, but were replaced by the lines *To Inez*.

In a letter from Gibraltar, written in 1809, Byron says: "Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must confess the women of Cadiz are as far superior to the English women in beauty as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man."

9. **Prometheus-like.** According to an ancient myth, Prometheus stole fire from Olympus to give to mortals. For his impiety he was chained by Zeus to a rock, to be perpetually tormented by vultures who fed on his vitals.

42. **Bolero.** A popular Spanish dance.

46. **Hesper.** Hesperus, the evening star (Gr. Ἑσπερος); cf. vesper.

STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM, PAGE 33

This poem commemorates an incident of Byron's travels in Albania, in 1809. The poet's friend Hobhouse thus writes of the occasion: "After wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, they had, at last, stopped near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours; and the guides, so far from assisting them, only augmented the confusion by running away."

2. **Pindus' mountains.** A lofty mountain range in northern Greece, famous in classical times.

12. **Turkish tomb.** Important persons in Turkey are often buried in tombs which are frequently pretentious and sometimes handsome.

36. **Sweet Florence.** Cf. *To Florence*.

41. **Siroc.** Sirocco, an oppressive warm wind from Africa, frequently prevailing in Italy, Malta, and Sicily.

54. Cadiz. Cf. *The Girl of Cadiz*; also *Childe Harold*, Canto I, stanza lxxxv.

57. Calypso's isles. Calypso was a sea nymph, on whose island Odysseus was cast ashore and for some time detained, on his journey home from the siege of Troy.

Cf. Homer's *Odyssey*, Book V.

Cf. Stephen Phillips's *Ulysses*, Act I, sc. ii:—

“Here would I be, at ease upon this isle
Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,
With sward of parsley and of violet,
And poplars shivering in a silvery dream,
And smell of cedar sawn, and sandal wood,
And these low-crying birds that haunt the deep.”

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART, PAGE 35

This poem was probably inspired by one of the pretty daughters of the poet's landlady in Athens, during the winter of 1809-1810. For an interesting description of these Greek girls, see Moore's *Life of Byron*, Vol. I.

This poem has been set to music by many composers, the most notable of whom is Gounod.

6. Ζωή μου, σὺς ἀγαπῶ. “My life, I love you.”

8. *Ægean wind*. The eastern part of what is now the Mediterranean was in ancient times called the *Ægean Sea*.

15. *Token-flowers*. “In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, etc., convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says: ‘I burn for thee’; a bunch of flowers tied with hair, ‘Take me and fly’; but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.” — *Byron's note*.

21. *Istambol*. Another form of *Stamboul*. Cf. *To Florence*, l. 35, note.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR-SONG,
Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων, PAGE 36

"The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, etc., was written by Riza, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original." — *Byron's note*.

15. **Hellènes.** Strictly speaking, the descendants of Hellen, the Thessalian, a legendary Greek hero; but a word applied loosely to Greeks in general.

19. **Seven-hilled city.** Constantinople, the capital of Turkey, was, like Rome, built on seven hills.

29. **Leonidas.** King of Sparta, who with three hundred Spartans and several hundred allies, defended the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persians in 480 B.C. He was at last overpowered and slain, with all his troops.

34. **Thermopylæ.** A narrow pass with precipitous mountains on one side and the sea on the other, extending between the ancient Greek states of Malis and Locris.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG, Μπαίνω μέσ' 'ς τὸ
περιβόλι, PAGE 38

"The song from which this is taken is a great favorite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our χοροί, in the winter of 1810-1811. The air is plaintive and pretty." — *Byron's note*.

By Romaic Byron means modern Greek.

"Μπαίνω μέσ' 'ς τὸ περιβόλι" would in classic Greek be Βαίνω εἰς τὸ περιβόλιον. In modern Greek μπ represents the classic β, and μέσα εἰς is the regular idiom for "into."

3. **Flora.** In early Italian and Roman mythology, the goddess of flowers.

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE, PAGE 39

Of this poem Byron wrote, in a letter dated December 8, 1811, "I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days."

13. **Thyrza.** Whether Thyrza was a real person or not has been much discussed by Byron's biographers. Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, expresses the opinion that Thyrza was an imaginary person, and that the poems addressed to her embody "the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs;—a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling." Byron, however, spoke of Thyrza to Lady Byron and showed her a lock of hair which she understood to belong to Thyrza. Furthermore, on October 11, 1811, the date of his melancholy poem *To Thyrza*, he wrote, "I have again been shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but, 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' and 'supped full of horrors' till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed my head to the earth."

ONE STRUGGLE MORE AND I AM FREE, PAGE 41

3. **Thee.** Thyrza.

29. **Cynthia's noon.** Diana, the moon goddess, was often called Cynthia, from Mount Cynthus, in Delos, her birthplace.

EUTHANASIA, PAGE 42

The title of this poem is from the Greek *εὐθανασία* (*εὖ* + *θάνατος*) and means an easy death.

17. **Psyche.** A personification of the soul, from the Greek *ψυχή*. According to ancient mythology she was a mortal maiden beloved by Eros, afterward married to him and made immortal. Cf. Keats's *Ode to Psyche*.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN, PAGE 44

This poem, like the three preceding poems, was probably inspired by the memory of Thyrza.

ADDRESS, SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812, PAGE 46

Drury-Lane Theatre, the most celebrated playhouse in London, was first opened in 1663. It was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in 1674, burned in 1811, and rebuilt and reopened the following year. Wishing an appropriate address to be read at the formal opening of the building, the managers advertised in the newspapers for verses to be submitted in a general competition. Those submitted were so poor, however, that Byron was at length asked to write something for the occasion. This so-called address is the result.

4. **Apollo.** The god Apollo was supposed by the Greeks and Romans to take special interest in the fine arts, and especially in music and poetry. He was frequently represented in sculpture with a lyre in his hand. **Shakespeare.** See *Thoughts suggested by a College Examination*, note on l. 22.

8. **Israel's pillar.** The column of fire which guided the Children of Israel by night. — Exodus xiii, 21.

10. **Shake its red shadow.** "The best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent Garden) was at Westminster Bridge from the reflection of the Thames." — *Byron's Letters*.

16. **Muse's realm.** The nine muses were nymphs who, according to ancient mythology, presided over the fine arts.

31. **Siddons' thrilling art.** Mrs. Siddons, celebrated English actress, 1755-1831.

33. **Garrick's latest laurels.** David Garrick, cf. *On a distant View of Harrow*, l. 24, note.

34. *Roscïus*. Garrick was often given this name from the celebrated Roman comic actor, instructor and friend of Cicero, who lived in the first century B.C.

40. *Menander's head*. Menander was a celebrated Athenian comic poet, of whose works only fragments exist, 342-291 B.C.

43. *Brinsley*. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Irish dramatist, politician and wit, famous as the author of *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*, 1751-1816.

46. *Banquo's glass*. Banquo, a character in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*, is murdered by Macbeth and afterward appears to him in the form of a ghost. The allusion is to Act IV, sc. i, 112-124.

SONNET TO GENEVRA, PAGE 50

Byron wrote very few sonnets or other poems which called for careful manipulation of verse. He was too impatient to labor over his compositions. In 1813 he wrote in his Journal: "Read some Italian, and wrote two sonnets. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly Platonic compositions."

12. *Magdalen*. A woman healed by Christ and afterward his devoted follower, erroneously identified with the sinful woman mentioned in Luke vii, 37-50. She is the subject of many paintings. *Guido*. Guido Reni, a famous Italian painter, 1575-1642.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, PAGE 52

In Byron's Journal, under the date of April 10, 1814, is the following entry: "To-day I have boxed one hour—written an ode to Napoleon Buonaparte—copied it—eaten six biscuits—drunk four bottles of soda water."

8. *Morning Star*. Lucifer.

26. *Those Pagod things*. "Out of town six days. On my return, find my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal.

It is his own fault. Like Milo he would rend the oak; but it closed again, wedged his hands, and now the beasts — lion, bear, down to the dirtiest jackal — may all tear him. That Muscovite winter *wedged* his arms; — ever since he has fought with his hands and teeth.” — *Byron's Journal*. Cf. *Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanzas xxxvi-xlii.

46. He who of old would rend the oak. Milo, a famous Greek athlete who lived in the latter part of the sixth century B.C. He is said to have been eaten by wolves, while his hands were caught in the cleft of a tree which he had tried to pull apart.

55. The Roman. Sulla, the great Roman general, who, after making himself dictator and revenging himself on his enemies, retired to private life in the height of his power, 138-78 B.C.

64. The Spaniard. Charles V, king of Spain and emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, 1500-1558. He abdicated his throne in 1556, and spent the rest of his life in a monastery.

110. Thy still imperial bride. Maria Louisa, an Austrian princess, who became the wife of Napoleon after he divorced Josephine.

118. Thy sullen Isle. The island of Elba, off the western coast of Italy. After his abdication in 1814, Napoleon was made sovereign of this island with an income to be paid by France.

125. Corinth's pedagogue. Dionysius the Younger, tyrant of Syracuse, who, after being banished, went to Corinth and there opened a school for boys.

127. Timour. Timur, or Tamerlane, a Tartar conqueror, who in the fourteenth century conquered Persia, Central Asia, and part of India. In 1402 he defeated and took prisoner Bajezet I, Sultan of Turkey. There is a story, though apparently without historical foundation, that Timur confined the Sultan in a cage.

131. Like he of Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylonia, 604-561 B.C. He was for seven years insane and lived like a beast. Cf. Daniel iv.

136. The thief of fire from heaven. Prometheus. Cf. *The Girl of Cadiz*, l. 9, note.

141. *That last act.* A discreditable love intrigue falsely imputed to Napoleon.

150. *Marengo's name.* At Marengo, in northern Italy, Napoleon won a bloody victory over the Austrians in 1800.

168. *Cincinnatus.* A Roman statesman, who when called to the dictatorship by the Senate was found ploughing in the fields.

170. *Washington.* Byron greatly admired Washington, and generally spoke kindly of Americans. Cf. *Childe Harold*, stanza xcvi, and *Don Juan*, IX, stanza viii.

HEBREW MELODIES, PAGE 58

The *Hebrew Melodies* appeared with the following explanation by the poet: "The subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaid, for a selection of Hebrew melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan." January, 1815.

Of these poems, Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, said: "The *Hebrew Melodies*, though obviously inferior to Lord Byron's other works, display a skill in versification, and a mastery in diction, which would have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction."

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, PAGE 58

This poem was inspired by Byron's cousin, Mrs. Wilmot, who appeared at a party, attired in mourning with spangles on her dress. On returning to his lodgings the poet drank her health, and the next day wrote this poem.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT, PAGE 59

2. *The King of men.* David, the great king of Israel, noted as a poet and a musician. He lived about 1000 B.C. Cf. Browning's *Saul*.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD, PAGE 60

In spite of this and similar poems expressing a belief in God and immortality, Byron was constantly accused of irreligion.

THE WILD GAZELLE, PAGE 60

1. **Judah's hills.** Judah, or Judea, was a district lying along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, between Egypt and Syria. It is famous chiefly for its importance in Biblical history.

5. **Its airy step and glorious eye.** Cf. *To Ianthe*, stanza iv, ll. 1-2:—

“Oh! let that eye, which wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy.”

Also *The Giaour*, ll. 473-474:—

“Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle.”

11. **The cedars wave on Lebanon.** Mount Lebanon in Syria, in ancient times famous for its cedars.

24. **Salem's throne.** Salem, meaning peace, is a shortened form of Jerusalem.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE, PAGE 61

1. **Babel's stream.** Babel is an abbreviated form of Babylon.

6. **Zion's songs.** Mount Zion was one of the four hills on which Jerusalem was built.

11. **The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave.** Cf. Matthew viii, 20: “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

ON JORDAN'S BANKS, PAGE 62

1. **Jordan's banks.** The river Jordan, in Judea, flows in a southerly direction into the Dead Sea.

3. Baal-adorer. Baal (Hebrew Ba'al = lord), the chief god of the Canaanites. Sinai's steep. Mount Sinai in Arabia, where Moses received the book of laws from Jehovah. Cf. Exodus xxxi, 18.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER, PAGE 62

For the story on which this poem is based, cf. Judges xi.

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM, PAGE 63

On once being asked in what way these verses referred to any scriptural subject, Byron replied, "Every mind must make its own references; there is scarcely one of us who could not imagine that the affliction belongs to himself, to one it certainly belongs."

Some editors have supposed that these lines refer to the unknown Thyrsa.

MY SOUL IS DARK, PAGE 64

One day after speaking jestingly of his reported mental derangement, Byron said that he would try how a madman would write. Taking a pen, he wrote *My Soul is Dark*, without a single erasure.

THY DAYS ARE DONE, PAGE 65

8. Thou shalt not taste of death. Cf. Matthew xvi, 28, and John viii, 52; also *Julius Cæsar*, Act II, sc. ii, 32-33:—

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once."

SAUL, PAGE 66

These verses are based on Samuel i, 28.

3. Samuel. One of the prophets of the Old Testament who lived about 1100 B.C.

4. King. Saul, king of Israel, 1095-1055 B.C. He fell in battle against the Philistines.

15. Why is my sleep disquieted. Cf. 1 Samuel xxviii, 15: "And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?"

19-22. And such shall be. Cf. 1 Samuel xxviii, 19: "Moreover the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

22. Thy son. Jonathan. Cf. also Browning's *Saul*.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE, PAGE 67

4. Gath. One of the cities of the Philistines, and birthplace of the giant Goliath.

10. Son of my heart. Cf. *Saul*, l. 22, note.

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER," PAGE 67

Cf. Ecclesiastes, i, 2: "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR, PAGE 69

The story on which this poem is based is found in Daniel v.

2. Satraps. Governors of Persian provinces.

9-16. In that same hour. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." — Daniel v, 5.

25. Chaldea's seers. Chaldea was an ancient country lying along the lower courses of the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers, at the head of the Persian gulf.

29. Babel's men of age. The elders of Babylon.

33. A captive in the land. The prophet Daniel.

41-48. Belshazzar's grave. Cf. Daniel v, 25-28: —

"And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

"This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.

"TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

"PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE, PAGE 71

This poem seems to represent the speech of a Jew to a political and religious enemy.

2. Galilee. A district of Palestine. There is also a lake of the same name.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE, PAGE 72

"Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. She was a woman of unrivalled beauty and a haughty spirit; unhappy in being the object of passionate attachment, which bordered on frenzy, to a man who had more or less concern in the murder of her grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and who had twice commanded her death, in case of his own. Ever after Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of the body, which led to temporary derangement." — MILMAN.

These verses were written by Byron in response to a request by Mr. Nathan for some *dull* — meaning plaintive — lines. After finishing them, the poet passed them over with the remark, "Here, Nathan, I think you will find these *dull* enough."

Cf. Stephen Phillips's beautiful drama, *Herod*.

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM
BY TITUS, PAGE 73

In the year 70 Jerusalem was captured by the Romans under Titus, son of the Emperor Vespasian, after a siege of five months.

5. **Temple.** The Jews intrenched themselves here, but were finally driven out and the temple burned.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND
WEPT, PAGE 73

With this and *By the Waters of Babylon*, Byron sent the following note :—

“DEAR KINNAIRD: Take only *one* of these marked 1 and 2, as both are but different versions of the *same thought*—leave the choice to any important person you like.

“Yours,

“B.”

The second poem was omitted in the first collection of the *Hebrew Melodies*.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB, PAGE 75

The story on which this poem is based is in Kings xviii and xix.

1. **The Assyrian.** Sennacherib, king of Assyria, who lived about 700 B.C.

9. **Angel of Death.** Cf. Kings xix, 35: “And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.”

21. **Ashur.** Assyria, an ancient kingdom in what is now Asia Minor, along the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

23. **Gentile.** The name applied by the Jews to a believer in another faith.

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME, PAGE 76

Cf. Job iv, 15-21: —

“Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up:

“It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,

“Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

“Behold, he put no trust in his servants; and his angels he charged with folly:

“How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth?

“They are destroyed from morning to evening: they perish for ever, without any regarding it.

“Doth not their excellency which is in them go away? they die even without wisdom.”

STANZAS FOR MUSIC, PAGE 76

“There’s not a joy the world can give.”

“Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year? . . . I mean those beginning, ‘There’s not a joy the world can give,’ etc., on which I pique myself as being the *truest*, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote.” — *Byron’s letter to Moore*, March, 1816.

NAPOLEON’S FAREWELL, PAGE 77

8. **The last single captive to millions in war.** In his last campaign, Napoleon had allied against him, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia.

15. **The eagle.** Napoleon I, and later Napoleon III, used the eagle to surmount the staff of the French standard; 1804-1814 and 1852-1870.

FROM THE FRENCH, PAGE 78

5. **Maddening o'er that long adieu.** "All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted." — *Byron's note.*

16. **Blessing him they served so well.** "At Waterloo one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, '*Vive l'Empereur, jusqu' à la mort!*' There were many other instances of the like; this you may, however, depend on as true." — *Byron's note.*

40. **His exile and his grave.** Soon after his defeat at Waterloo, in June, 1815, Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena, a barren island off the western coast of Africa. Here he died in 1821.

ODE FROM THE FRENCH, PAGE 80

8. **La Bédoyère.** A devoted and able officer of Napoleon, who after the ruin of his great master fell into the hands of the allies and was executed.

10. **The bravest of the brave.** A title given by his troops to Marshal Ney, one of Napoleon's ablest officers, on account of his gallantry at the battle of Friedland in 1807.

18. **The Wormwood star.** Cf. Revelations viii, 10-11:—

"And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountain of waters.

"And the name of the star is called Wormwood ; and the third part of the waters became wormwood ; and many died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

19. **Sainted Seer.** St. John.

24. **Soldier-citizen.** Napoleon.

36. **And thou, too, of the snow-white plume.** Murat, a famous cavalry leader of Napoleon, placed by him on the throne of Naples, afterward dethroned and executed.

"Poor dear Murat, what an end ! . . . His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage ; so would neither suffer his soul or body to be bandaged." — *Byron's letter to Moore*, November 4, 1815.

78. **The "moral lesson" dearly bought.** Cf. Scott's *Field of Waterloo*, Conclusion, stanza vi, l. 3 : "Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down."

80. **Capet.** Hugh Capet, king of France, 987-996.

FARE THEE WELL, PAGE 83

This poem was written about two months after Byron's separation from his wife, and a month before he left England never to return. Moore says that Byron, in his Memoranda, "described, and in a manner whose sincerity there was no doubting, the swell of tender recollections under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in his study, these stanzas were produced, — the tears, as he said, falling fast over the paper as he wrote them."

35. **Wilt thou teach her to say "Father !"** Byron's daughter Ada was brought up in ignorance of her father. While on a visit to Newstead, the former home of the Byrons, some of his poems were read to her, and she was told of his relation to her. It is a strange coincidence that, like him, she died at the age of thirty-six. According to her request, she was buried beside her father, in the little church at Hucknall.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA, PAGE 86

“When all around grew drear and dark.”

Throughout his life Byron was devotedly attached to his sister Augusta, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh. These verses addressed to her were the last he ever wrote in England. They were probably written Friday, April 12, 1816. On the 25th Byron sailed for the Continent. Cf. *Stanzas to Augusta*, “Though the day of my destiny’s over,” the *Epistle to Augusta*, and the verses on the *Drachenfels* in *Childe Harold*, Canto III.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON, PAGE 87

This poem was written in June, 1816, at an inn in the village of Ouchy, near Lausanne, Switzerland, where the poet was detained by bad weather.

9. Chillon. “The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of eight hundred feet French measure; within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces.” — *Byron’s note*.

13. Bonnivard. A Genevese patriot who was for political reasons imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon from 1530 to 1536. He was a scholar and a writer on theology and history. After his

release he was loaded with honors by the people of Geneva. He gave his library to the city, and bequeathed his property to Switzerland, on condition that it be used for the founding of a college.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON, PAGE 88

13. **At the stake.** A common method of punishing heretics in the Middle Ages was by burning at the stake.

27. **Gothic mould.** Made in the so-called Gothic style of architecture, which flourished in the Middle Ages.

100. **Sooth.** Truth (from Anglo-Saxon *sōð*).

107. **Lake Leman.** Lake Geneva. The ancient Roman name was Lemanus. Cf. *Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanzas lxxxv and lxxxvi:—

“Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean’s roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister’s voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e’er have been so moved.

“It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.”

115. **Below the surface of the lake.** The floor of the dungeon is now about ten feet above the level of the lake, and could never have been below it.

237. What I wist. What I saw (wist from Anglo-Saxon *witan* = to know).

294. Lone — as a solitary cloud. Cf. Wordsworth's sonnet, "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

336. The blue Rhone. The Rhone flows through Lake Geneva.

339. The white-walled distant town. Villeneuve.

341. Little isle. "Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view." — *Byron's note*.

DARKNESS, PAGE 100

"*Darkness* is a grand and gloomy sketch of the supposed consequences of the final extinction of the sun and the heavenly bodies; executed, undoubtedly, with great and fearful force, but with something of German exaggeration, and a fantastical solution of incidents. The very conception is terrible above all conception of known calamity, and is too oppressive to the imagination to be contemplated with pleasure, even in the faint reflection of poetry." — JEFFREY.

50. Clung. Shrunk or dried up. Cf. *Macbeth*, Act V, sc. v, ll. 38-40: —

"If thou speak'st false
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee."

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN, PAGE 103

Sheridan died in July, 1816, and was buried with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

27. **The flash of wit.** Sheridan was noted for his wit. "When dying he was urged to undergo an operation. He replied that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, 'having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture.' " — *Byron's Journal*.

28. **The blaze of eloquence.** Sheridan was in his day one of the most brilliant orators in Parliament.

41. **The loud cry of trampled Hindostan.** An allusion to the trial of Warren Hastings for abusing his power as governor-general of India. During the preliminary discussion, in 1787, Sheridan made an address which the orator Fox called the best speech ever made in the House of Commons.

48. **The gay creations of his spirit.** The brilliant comedies of Sheridan. Cf. *Address spoken at the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre*, l. 43, note.

56. **Promethean heat.** Heat from heaven, like the fire stolen by Prometheus, — divine inspiration.

82. **Misery at the door.** Sheridan, like Goldsmith, was improvident and always in debt. A few days before his death he wrote to his friend, the poet Rogers: "I am absolutely undone and broken-hearted. They are going to put the carpets out of window, and break into Mrs. S.'s room and *take me*; £150 will remove all difficulty. For God's sake let me see you."

103. **The wondrous Three.** The orators, Fox, Pitt, and Burke, contemporaries of Sheridan.

107. **Ye men of wit and social eloquence.** "In society I have met Sheridan frequently. He was superb! I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others of good fame and ability. I have met him at all places and parties and always found him convivial and delightful." — *Byron's Journal*.

109. **While powers of mind almost of boundless range.** Sheridan was a man of remarkably varied powers.

PROMETHEUS, PAGE 107

Prometheus seems to have been a favorite character of Byron. His first English exercise at Harrow was a paraphrase of a chorus from the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus.

1. **Titan.** The Titans were powerful deities of Greek mythology. They rebelled against their father, Uranus, who threw them into Tartarus, and there bound them within walls of brass. Later they escaped and waged war against Zeus.

7. **The rock, the vulture, and the chain.** Cf. *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, l. 136, note.

26. **The Thunderer.** Zeus, who wielded the thunderbolts.

29. **The fate thou didst not so well foresee.** Prometheus possessed the secret of the ultimate fate of Zeus and his rule. To obtain this secret, Zeus at length permitted Heracles to shoot the vulture which tormented Prometheus, to release the Titan and allow him to return to Olympus.

35. **Thy Godlike crime was to be kind.** The object of Prometheus in stealing the fire from Olympus was, by bestowing it on mankind, to alleviate their misery.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN, PAGE 109

Cf. *The Prisoner of Chillon*, l. 107, note.

1. **Rousseau.** Celebrated French philosopher, born in Geneva; 1712-1778. **Voltaire.** Famous French poet, historian, and philosopher. He spent his late years at Ferney, near Geneva; 1694-1778. **Gibbon.** English historian, famous for the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; 1737-1794. In a letter dated "Ouchy, near Lausanne, June 27, 1816," Byron writes to his publisher, Murray: "I enclose you a sprig of *Gibbon's acacia* and some rose-leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen. You will find honorable mention, in his *Life*, made of this 'acacia,' when he walked out on the night of

concluding his history. The garden and *summer-house* where he composed, are neglected, and the last utterly decayed ; but they still show it as his 'cabinet,' and seem perfectly aware of his memory.'" De Staël. Madame de Staël, celebrated Frenchwoman, author of several novels, and noted for the brilliancy of her conversation. Byron met her in London several years before this poem was written, and during his stay in Switzerland made her a visit.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE, PAGE 109

Byron tells us that he wrote this poem in imitation of the style of Wordsworth.

Charles Churchill was an English poet, chiefly a writer of satires ; 1731-1764.

23. A Newton's thought. Sir Isaac Newton, the great English mathematician ; 1642-1727.

28. Wot. Knew (from Anglo-Saxon *witan* = to know).

A FRAGMENT, PAGE 111

"Could I remount the river of my years"

In this, as in the other poems of Byron, written at this period, a deeper note is sounded than in any of his earlier work. The poet's recent domestic troubles had stung him keenly, and led him to reflect more deeply than ever before.

THE DREAM, PAGE 112

This poem was written during the poet's stay at Diodati. Moore calls it, "The most mournful, as well as picturesque, 'story of a wandering life' that ever came from the pen and heart of man."

The critic Jeffrey says: "This poem is written with great beauty and genius — but is extremely painful. We cannot maintain our accustomed tone of levity, or even speak like calm literary judges, in the midst of these agonizing traces of a wounded and distempered spirit. Even our admiration is swallowed up in a most painful feeling of pity and of wonder. It is impossible to

mistake these for fictitious sorrows, conjured up for the purpose of poetical effect. There is a dreadful tone of sincerity, and an energy that cannot be counterfeited, in the expression of wretchedness, and alienation from human kind, which occur in every line of this poem."

19. The mind can make substance. Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I, ll. 254-255 : —

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

39. Maiden. Miss Chaworth. Youth. The poet himself.

76-104. Ancient mansion. "The picture which he [Byron] has drawn of his youthful love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, *The Dream*, shows how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old hall at Annesley, under the name of 'the antique oratory,' will long call up to fancy the 'maiden and the youth' who once stood in it; while the image of the 'lover's steed,' though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less conduce to the general charm of the scene, and share a portion of the light which only genius could shed over it." — *Moore's Life of Byron*.

106-125. In the wilds. These lines allude to Byron's travels in the East.

136. What could her grief be? The marriage of Miss Chaworth, like that of the poet, turned out unhappily.

173. The queen of a fantastic realm. Mrs. Musters, formerly Miss Chaworth, finally became insane.

185-201. The wanderer was alone. In these lines the poet alludes to the suffering he endured after his separation from his wife, and the relief he found in the study of nature.

191. The Pontic monarch. Mithridates the Great, king of Pontus, a kingdom on the Black Sea, 132(?)—63 B.C. He rendered himself proof against poison by drugging himself with antidotes.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA, PAGE 119

"Though the day of my destiny 's over"

In a letter to his publisher, written in October, 1816, Byron says, "Be careful in printing the stanzas beginning 'Though the day of my destiny,' etc."

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA, PAGE 121

These stanzas, written at Diodati in the summer of 1816, were sent to England to be published if Mrs. Leigh did not object. As she did object, they did not appear to the public till 1830. In January, 1831, the *Quarterly Review* said of these verses, "There is, perhaps, nothing more mournfully and desolately beautiful in the whole range of Lord Byron's poetry."

15. Our grandsire's fate of yore. Admiral Byron was famous for making stormy voyages. He was facetiously called by sailors, "Foulweather Jack."

26-30. My whole life was a contest. Notice this bit of autobiographical evidence.

63. A lake I can behold. Lake Geneva.

64. Our own of old. The lake at Newstead. Cf. *Don Juan*, Canto XIII, stanza lvii.

LINES ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL,
PAGE 126

When Byron learned that Lady Byron was ill, he was engaged in writing a prose romance in which he intended to set forth something of his own unfortunate marriage experience. He immediately destroyed the manuscript of his romance and wrote the poem.

15. Nemesis. Goddess of punishment, according to ancient mythology.

37. Clytemnestra. The wife of Agamemnon, king of Argos, who murdered her husband on his return from the siege of Troy, and was afterward killed by her son Orestes. The best treatment of the story is in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus.

53. **Janus-spirits.** Two-faced. Janus was an ancient god of beginnings and endings, and was represented with two faces, one looking before, the other behind.

TO THOMAS MOORE, PAGE 128

“What are you doing now”

In *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* Byron spoke severely of the Irish poet Moore, already well known as a writer of songs and light verses. Moore at once sent a challenge to Byron, which, owing to the latter's departure from England and two years' stay abroad, never reached him. On Byron's return, Moore made advances to him which led to their becoming warm friends.

These verses were included in a letter to Moore, written in Venice, December 24, 1816.

TO MR. MURRAY, PAGE 129

“To hook the reader”

Byron's connection with Murray began in 1809, with the publishing of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Throughout the remainder of Byron's life Murray published, with some slight exceptions, all of the poet's writings.

2. **Anjou's Margaret.** *Margaret of Anjou*, a poem by a Miss Holford, a writer long since forgotten.

6. **Ilderim.** A poem by a Mr. Gally Knight.

11. **Perry.** A well-known London editor of Byron's time.

15. **Galley.** A pun on the name of the author of *Ilderim*.

TO THOMAS MOORE, PAGE 129

“My boat is on the shore”

The first stanza of the poem was written in April, 1816, just before the poet left England. The complete poem was sent to Moore the following year, from Venice.

TO MR. MURRAY, PAGE 130

“Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times”

1. **Strahan.** An eminent Scotch printer who moved to London and was elected to Parliament, 1715(?)–1785. **Tonson.** A noted English bookseller and publisher, 1656–1736. **Lintot.** An English bookseller chiefly noted as the publisher of Pope's works; a contemporary of Tonson.

3. **Pindus.** Cf. *Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm*, l. 2, note.

10. **Quarterly.** The *Quarterly Review*, a well-known London periodical of Byron's time.

ODE ON VENICE, PAGE 131

In a letter written from Venice in 1816, Byron says: “Venice pleases me as much as can be expected, and I expected much. It is one of those places which I know before I see them, and has always haunted me the most after the East. I like the gloomy gayety of their gondolas, and the silence of their canals. I do not even dislike the evident decay of the city, though I regret the singularity of its vanished costume; however, there is much left still.”

Cf. *Childe Harold*, Canto IV, ll. 1–36.

The *Ode on Venice* was completed in July, 1818.

19. **The Lion.** The Lion of St Mark's, the standard of the Venetian republic. A figure of the Lion stands on the top of a column near the Doge's palace.

20. **Barbarian drum.** An allusion to the Austrian garrison which occupied the city.

114. **The Cross.** The symbol of Christianity, the spread of which Venice did so much to further.

116. **The unholy Crescent.** The star and the crescent are national emblems of Turkey.

122. **The “kingdom” of a conquering foe.** The Italian pos-

sessions of Austria were at this time known as the "kingdom of Venetian Lombardy."

144-148. *She has taught.* An allusion to the naval victories of the United States over the British in the war of 1812.

145. *Her Esau-brethren.* An allusion to the story of Jacob and Esau, Genesis xxv, 29-34.

146. *Floating fence.* Fence = defence. *Albion's feeblcr crag.* Cf. *Lachin y Gair*, l. 36, note.

MAZEPPA, PAGE 136

This poem, which was written partly in Venice and partly in Ravenna, in 1818, is founded on a story told by Voltaire, in his *History of Charles XII.*

1. *Pultowa's day.* In 1709 Peter the Great destroyed the Swedish army under Charles XII, at Pultowa, a city of southwest Russia.

2. *Royal Swede.* Charles XII, king of Sweden, 1697-1718.

7. *Triumphant Czar.* Peter the Great of Russia, 1689-1725.

8. *Moscow's walls.* Moscow was once the capital of Russia.

9. *A day more dark and drear.* An allusion to the Russian campaign of Napoleon in 1812, in which the Russians burned Moscow, and the French army was almost destroyed by cold, hunger, disease, and the sword.

16. *The wounded Charles.* Cf. l. 2.

23. *Gieta.* A Swedish colonel.

53. *Mazeppa.* A Cossack, who had deserted from the Russians and joined the Swedes. He has been made the hero of several poems and plays. The composer Liszt has a symphonic poem named for him.

56. *The Ukraine's hetman.* Ukraine, a district in Russia, lying in the valley of the river Dnieper; hetman, a Polish word meaning commander-in-chief.

58. *The Cossack prince.* Mazeppa.

103. **Alexander's days.** Alexander the Great, king of Macedonia, 356-323 B.C.

104. **Bucephalus.** A favorite horse of Alexander.

105. **Scythia's fame.** The Scythians, a rude people inhabiting what is now southern Russia, were in ancient times noted for their horsemanship.

116. **Swift Borysthenes.** A river in European Russia, flowing into the Black Sea.

129. **John Casimir.** King of Poland.

135. **Warsaw's diet.** Warsaw was the capital; the diet, the assembly, of Poland.

147. **Solomon.** King of Israel, famous for his wisdom, who lived about 1000 B.C.

434. **The Tartars.** The Tartars, or Mongols, were a savage, warlike race from Asia, who in the thirteenth century swept over Europe and ravaged Russia and Hungary. Most of them finally returned to Asia, but they held Russia under their sway for more than two centuries.

437. **The Spahi's hoof.** Spahi, a Turkish cavalryman.

619. **Ignis-fatuus.** Meaning and derivation?

663. **Matin.** Meaning and derivation?

664. **Many a werst.** Werst, or verst, a Russian measure corresponding to about 3501 English feet.

738. **Wassail.** Meaning and derivation?

759. **Guerdon.** Meaning and derivation?

816. **Vulture's feast.** Note that in l. 770 it is the "expecting raven" which hovers over Mazeppa.

859. **As I shall yield when safely there.** "Charles, having perceived that the day was lost, and that his only chance of safety was to retire with the utmost precipitation, suffered himself to be mounted on horseback, and with the remains of his army fled to a place called Perewolochna, situated in the angle formed by the junction of the Vorskla and the Borysthenes. Here, accompanied by Mazeppa and a few hundreds of his followers, Charles swam

over the latter great river, and proceeding over a desolate country, in danger of perishing with hunger, at length reached the Bog, where he was kindly received by the Turkish pacha. The Russian envoy at the Sublime Porte demanded that Mazeppa should be delivered up to Peter, but the old hetman of the Cossacks escaped this fate by taking a disease which hastened his death." — *Barrow's Peter the Great*, pp. 196-203.

STANZAS TO THE PO, PAGE 163

Byron wrote this poem while on a journey from Venice to Ravenna, where the Countess Guiccioli was lying ill.

1. The ancient walls. Ravenna.
2. The lady of my love. Countess Guiccioli.
43. Is all meridian. Possessing southern warmth.
47. In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot. An allusion to the sufferings caused by his unhappy marriage.

THE ISLES OF GREECE, PAGE 165

These verses, from *Don Juan*, Canto III, are represented as being sung by a poet at a banquet.

2. **Sappho.** A Greek poetess who lived about 600 B.C.
4. **Delos.** An island east of Greece, according to ancient mythology the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis. **Phœbus.** An epithet meaning bright-shining, frequently applied to Apollo.
7. **Scian muse.** The island of Chios, modern Scio, was one of the places which claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. It was also the birthplace of the poet Theocritus. **Teian muse.** Teos, a town on the coast of Asia Minor, noted as the birthplace of the poet Anacreon, who sang chiefly of the pleasures of the senses. He lived 563(?)—478 B.C.
12. **Islands of the Blest.** Fabled islands, sometimes called the Fortunate Isles, supposed by the ancients to be somewhere in the western seas. Thither persons especially favored by the gods were supposed to be conveyed without dying.

13. **Marathon.** The plain about twenty miles northeast of Athens, where the Greeks under Miltiades defeated an invading army of Persians, in 490 B.C.

19. **A king.** Xerxes, king of Persia.

20. **Salamis.** A bay not far from Athens, where a Greek fleet defeated a vastly superior fleet of Persians, in 480 B.C.

41. **The three hundred.** The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ with Leonidas. Cf. *Translation of the famous Greek War-Song*, l. 29, note.

50. **Samian wine.** Wine from Samos, an island noted in ancient times, off the coast of Asia Minor.

52. **Scio's vine.** Scio, cf. l. 7, note.

54. **Bacchanal.** A follower of Bacchus, god of the vine.

55. **Pyrrhic dance.** A dance still used in Greece.

56. **Pyrrhic phalanx.** A military formation perfected by Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, 318-272 B.C.

59. **Cadmus.** The legendary founder of ancient Thebes, who first taught the Greeks the use of letters.

63. **Anacreon's song.** Anacreon, cf. l. 7, note.

64. **Polycrates.** A powerful despot of Samos who lived in the sixth century B.C.

67. **The Chersonese.** The strip of land lying along the European side of the ancient Hellespont, between the Mediterranean and the Sea of Marmora.

69. **Miltiades.** An uncle of the Miltiades who commanded the Greek forces at Marathon. He was an able and just ruler.

74. **Suli's rock.** Suli is a mountainous district in Albania. **Parga's shore.** Parga is a seaport in Albania.

76. **Doric mothers.** Mothers of Doric or Dorian race, one of the four great races from which the Greeks traced their descent.

78. **The Heracleidan blood.** The race of Heracles.

79. **Franks.** The name applied by Greeks, Turks, and other neighboring peoples to the inhabitants of western Europe.

91. **Sunium's marbled steep.** Sunium was the southeasterly

extremity of ancient Attica. Here, on a point overlooking the sea, was a temple of Athena.

AVE MARIA, PAGE 169

1. Ave Maria. Hail Mary!

14. The Almighty dove. The symbol of the Holy Spirit, frequently used in ecclesiastical art.

19. Ravenna's immemorial wood. An extensive pine wood said to occupy the site of the ancient Roman harbor. It is mentioned in *Novella* eight, of the fifth book of Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

20. Adrian wave. The Adriatic Sea.

21. Cæsarean fortress. The ruins of the palace of Theodoric, emperor of the Ostrogoths, still stand in Ravenna.

22. Boccaccio's lore. Boccaccio, the Italian novelist, 1313-1375. Cf. l. 19, note.

23. Dryden's lay. *Theodore and Honoria*, a versification of Boccaccio's *Novella* eight, of the fifth book of the *Decameron*. Dryden uses his original very freely, changing the names of the characters and making such other alterations as suit his purpose. Dryden. English poet and dramatist, 1631-1700.

29. The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line. An allusion to *Novella* eight, of the fifth book of the *Decameron*. The spectre huntsman was *not* of "Onesti's line," however, but merely appeared to him as he wandered in the wood. Byron's error was due to a natural confusion of memory.

STANZAS, PAGE 171

"COULD LOVE FOREVER"

These lines have an airiness of movement and a musical quality that are unusual in Byron's verses, and remind one of Shelley. They were written in Ravenna.

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI, PAGE 174

In a letter to Murray, dated Ravenna, March 20, 1820, Byron says: "Enclosed you will find, *line for line, in third rhyme (terza rima)*, of which your British blackguard public as yet understands nothing, Fanny of Rimini. You know that she was born here and married, and slain, from Cary, Boyd, and such people. I have done it into *cramp* English, line for line, and rhyme for rhyme, to try the possibility."

About 1275 Francesca, daughter of the Lord of Ravenna, was married to Gianciotto, son of the Lord of Rimini. Gianciotto, who was very ugly, sent his handsome and accomplished brother Paolo as his representative at the ceremony, and the marriage took place by proxy. On making the acquaintance of her husband, Francesca found little in him to interest her, and at length fell in love with Paolo. The lovers were finally surprised and killed by the wronged husband. The story has been dramatized by the Italian writer D'Annunzio and by Stephen Phillips.

1. The land where I was born. Ravenna.

11. Cainà. Circle nine of the Inferno, where fratricides are immersed up to their necks. Him. Gianciotto.

13. I. Dante, Italian poet, author of the *Divine Comedy*, 1265-1321.

15. The bard. Virgil, who is represented in the *Divine Comedy* as conducting Dante through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise.

25-27. The greatest of all woes, etc. Cf. Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*:—

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

27. Thy teacher. Virgil.

32. Lancilot. Lancelot, the famous knight of the court of King Arthur. Cf. Malory's *Morte Darthur* and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

37. Her. Queen Guinevere, who loved Lancelot and was loved by him.

39. He. Paolo.

44. With pity's thralls. Enthralled or enslaved by pity. (Thrall from A.S. *thral* = serf or bondman.)

STANZAS, PAGE 176

“When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home”

These lines first appeared in a letter from Byron to Moore, dated Ravenna, November 5, 1820.

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY, PAGE 176

“To-morrow is my birthday — that is to say, at twelve o’ the clock, midnight, *i.e.* in twelve minutes, I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!!—and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose.

“It is three minutes past twelve, — ‘Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,’ and I am now thirty-three.” — *Byron’s Journal*.

EPIGRAM ON THE BRAZIERS’ COMPANY, PAGE 176

In a letter to Moore dated Ravenna, January 22, 1821, Byron enclosed these verses together with those on his thirty-third birthday.

Queen Caroline was the unhappy wife of George IV. She was tried for misconduct, and though the charges against her were not proved, she was excluded from the coronation ceremonies and soon afterward died, a broken-hearted woman.

EPIGRAM, PAGE 177

“The world is a bundle of hay”

These verses were included in a letter to Moore, written from Ravenna, June 22, 1821.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN
FLORENCE AND PISA, PAGE 177

"I composed these stanzas (except the fourth added now) a few days ago, on the road from Florence to Pisa." — *Byron's Journal*, Pisa, November 6, 1821.

STANZAS TO A HINDOO AIR, PAGE 178

Byron wrote these verses shortly before leaving Italy for Greece. They were intended for the Hindostanee air *Alla Malla Punca*, which the Countess Guiccioli was fond of singing.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR,
PAGE 178

"On the morning of the 22d of January, his birthday, — the last my poor friend was ever fated to see, — he came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some others were assembled, and said, with a smile, 'You were complaining the other day that I never write any poetry now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something which, I think, is better than what I usually write.' He then produced to them those beautiful stanzas . . . affectionately associated with the closing scene of his life. . . . Taking into consideration, indeed, everything connected with these verses, — the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole, — there is, perhaps, no production within the range of mere human composition, round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest." — *Moore's Life of Byron*.

23. The Spartan, borne upon his shield. An allusion to the story of the Spartan mother who, when her son was departing for battle, told him to return with his shield or on it.

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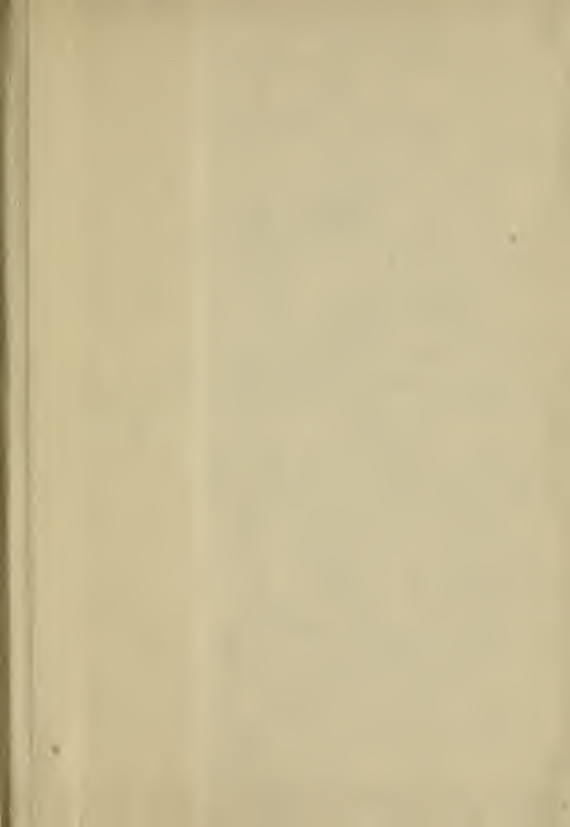
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